

The First Audience.

Oliver Goldsmith reading the manuscript of "She Stoops to Conquer" to his friends the Misses Homeck.
(From the painting by *Margaret I. Dicksee*.)

THE ROYAL SCHOOL SERIES

Highroads of Literature

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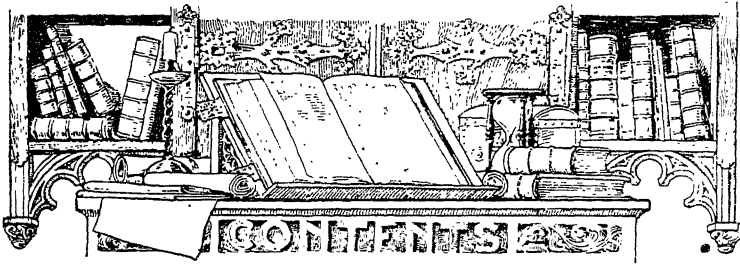


Book V.—“Books of all Time”

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS

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BOOK V.

I. BOOKS OF ALL TIME.

1. John Ruskin,¹ a great writer, who in his day and generation did much to make British people appreciate and love the true and the beautiful in art and letters, tells us that all books may be divided into two classes—books of the hour, and books of all time. “There are,” he says, “good books for the hour, and good ones of all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones of all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

2. “The good book of the hour—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend’s present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions; lively

¹ Born 1819, died 1900. His first and best-known work is “Modern Painters.”

or pathetic story-telling in the form of a novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history"—all these are books of the hour. "We ought," says Ruskin, "to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them.

3. "But we make the worst possible use of them if we allow them to usurp the place of *true books*, for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful or necessary to-day; whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day.

4. "So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you an amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor, in the real sense, to be 'read.'

5. "A book is essentially¹ not a *talked* thing, but a *written* thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication, but of permanence. The

¹ In the quality which makes it what it is.

book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once ; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India ; if you could, you would : you write instead ; that is mere *conveyance* of your voice.

6. “But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to *preserve* it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it ; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may ; clearly, at all events.

7. “In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him ; this, the piece of true knowledge or sight which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever ; engrave it on rock if he could, saying, ‘This is the best of me ; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated like another ; my life was as the vapour, and is not ; but this I saw and knew ; this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.’ That is his ‘writing ;’ it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. This is a ‘Book.’”

8. From this extract you may learn that the good book of all time differs from the book of the hour in this: the author feels that he has a true and useful message to deliver to mankind, and he strives to set it forth with all the clearness, sincerity, and beauty of which he is capable.

9. An old fable tells us that the pelican feeds its young with blood from its own breast. Somewhat in the same way, the author of a book which is destined to live gives of himself in his work. He puts into it the best and most precious of all that he has thought and felt and seen and learned. This is what Milton meant when he said that books are "the precious life-blood of master-spirits embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

10. In Book IV. of this series you read the life-stories of some of the master-spirits who wrote "good books of all time." In the following pages you will read extracts from some of their best-known works. When you have read and studied these extracts, I hope you will some day turn to the books themselves and peruse them from cover to cover. You will find them a great treasure-house of

"Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge—all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight."



Prospero.

(From the painting by A. C. Michael.)

2. "THE TEMPEST."—I.

[In Book IV. you read a brief life of Shakespeare, and also some of the songs which are scattered through his plays. Three of these songs were taken from *The Tempest*, one of the finest of Shakespeare's comedies. You shall now read the story of this play as it was written by Charles and Mary Lamb. Charles Lamb, who was born in 1775, and died in 1834, was one of the most charming of our British essayists, and one of the most whimsical and delightful of men, though he was poor in health and pocket, and was never free from domestic trouble. His sister Mary was a very clever woman who loved books, but was afflicted with periodical fits of madness. During her lucid years¹ she and her brother wrote "Tales from Shakespeare," a book which is the best of all gateways to the works of the great dramatist. The story of *The Tempest* which follows is taken from this book.]

1. There was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

2. They lived in a cave or cell made out of a rock. It was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study. There he kept his books, which treated chiefly of magic, a study at that time much affected² by all learned men. And the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon

¹ When she was free from madness.

² Favoured.

this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax,¹ who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to Prospero. • Of these Ariel² was the chief.

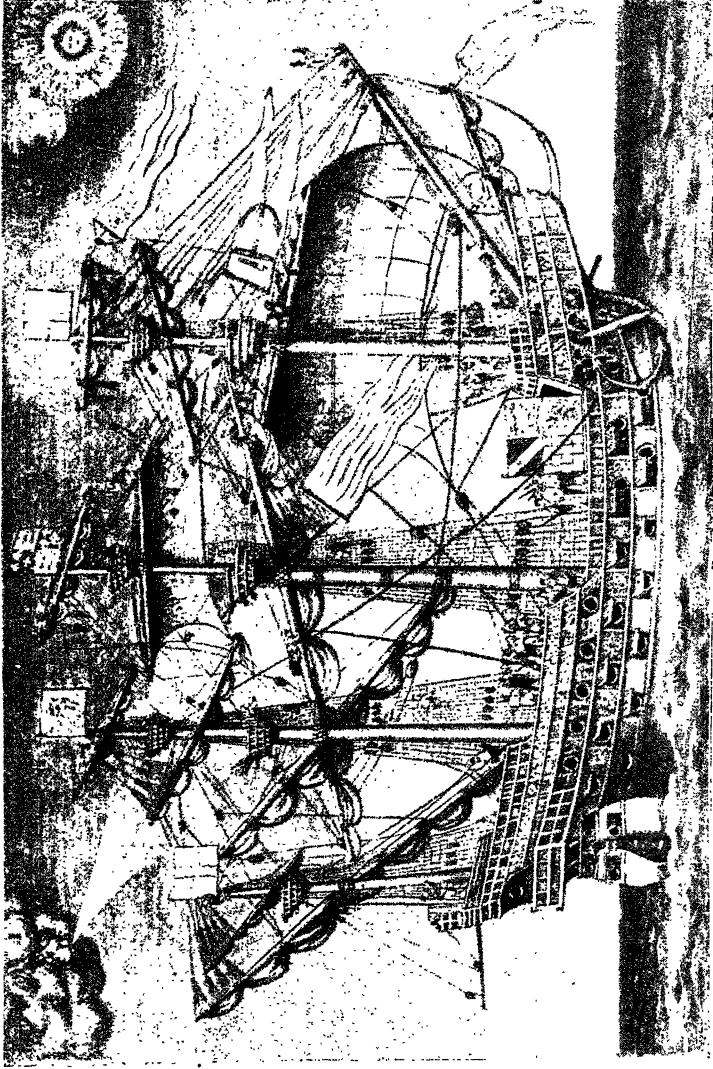
3. The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban,³ for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape. He took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

4. When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and

¹ Sik'or-ax.

² Air'e-el.

³ Cal'e-ban.



A Warship of Shakespeare's Time.

The *Ark Royal*, the flagship of the English fleet.

(Copied from the tapestry hangings in the old House of Lords.)

sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

5. Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves.

6. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

7. "Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done—I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive

any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

8. Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda; "I remember nothing more."

9. "Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was Duke of Milan,¹ and you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false

¹ A powerful state of North Italy; now part of the kingdom of Italy.

brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate¹ my whole time to the bettering of my mind.

10. "My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom : this he soon effected,² with the aid of the King of Náples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

11. "Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not at that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast : there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

12. "O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero ; "you were a

¹ Devote.

² Carried out.

little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

13. "Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm."

"Know, then," said her father, "that by means of this storm my enemies, the King of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

14. Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep. For the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and, although the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

3. "THE TEMPEST."—II.

1. "Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm,

and of the terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea ; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost.

"But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

2. "That's my delicate¹ Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither ; my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king and my brother ?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing, though each one thinks himself the only one saved ; and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

3. "Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed ; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work ?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray remember I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

¹ Used here in the sense of fine, dainty, or delightful.

4. "How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers,"¹ said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

5. "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do, and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

6. "O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have

¹ Country of North Africa, fringing the Mediterranean Sea, and extending to the desert of Sahara. It now belongs to France.

a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,—

"Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—D'ing-dong, bell."

7. This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda,¹ who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

8. "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. See, how it looks about ! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit ?"

9. "No, girl," answered her father ; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a

¹ Miranda means admirable or wonderful.

handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

10. Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

11. She timidly answered she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight; but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore, advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it.

12. "Follow me," said he; "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand; "I will resist such enter-



Miranda and Ferdinand.
(From the picture by P. Dudd.)

tainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword. But Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

13. Miranda hung upon her father, saying; "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety.¹ This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

14. "Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What, an advocate² for an impostor!³ You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

15. "Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand. Looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

¹ Go bond for him.
(1,780)

² Pleader.

³ Deceiver.

4. A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST."—I.
FERDINAND MEETS MIRANDA.

THE ISLAND. BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following; PROSPERO and MIRANDA apart, unperceived by Ferdinand.

FER. Where should this music be? i' the air or
the earth?

It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather.—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings the song on page 21.

FER. The ditty does remember my drowned
father.—

This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes.¹ I hear it now above me.

PROS. [*To MIRANDA*] The fringed curtains of
thine eye advance,²

And say what thou seest yond.

¹ Owns.

² Lift thine eyes.

MIR. No wonder, sir ;
But certainly a maid.

FER. My language ! heavens !---
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROS. How ? the best ?
What wert thou if the King of Naples heard thee ?

FER. A single ¹ thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;
And that he does I weep : myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb,² beheld
The king my father wrecked.

MIR. Alack, for mercy !

FER. Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of
Milan
And his brave son being twain.

PROS. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight
They have changed eyes.³—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this !—[*To FER.*] A word, good
sir ;

I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

MIR. Why speaks my father so ungently ? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first

¹ Solitary.

² At low water—that is, ceasing to flow.

³ Fallen in love.

The fresh-brook muscles,¹ withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FER. No ;
I will resist such entertainment ² till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*Draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

MIR. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROS. What ? I say,
My foot my tutor ? ³—Put thy sword up, traitor ;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy con-
science
Is so possessed with ⁴ guilt : come from thy ward ; ⁵
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

MIR. Beseech you, father !

PROS. Hence ! hang not on my garments.

MIR. Sir, have pity ;
I'll be his surety.

PROS. Silence ! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !
An advocate for an impostor ! hush !

¹ Mussels.

² Fight against such treatment.

³ Is my foot, the lowest part of my body, to teach me what to do ?
Prospero refers to Miranda as his foot.

⁴ Full of.

⁵ Guard ; position of-defence.



FERDINAND.

(From the painting by Sir J. C. Millais, P.R.A.)

"Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o' the island."

MIR. My affections
Are, then, most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

FER. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty¹ make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—[To FER.] Follow me.—

MIR. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,

² My efforts are succeeding.

Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted ¹
Which now came from him.

PROS. [To ARIEL] Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds ; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

ARI. To the syllable.²

PROS. Come, follow.—[To MIR.] Speak not for
him. [Exeunt.]

5. "THE TEMPEST."—III.

1. Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell : he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then, pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

2. Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue.

"Alas," said she, "do not work so hard ; my father is at his studies—he is safe for these three hours : pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare

¹ Unusual.

² Without leaving out the smallest part.

not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

3. "If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined¹ Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them, invisible, to overhear what they said.

4. Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told him, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience; for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

5. In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded that of all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any

¹ Ordered.

woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts¹ I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish: my girl will be Queen of Naples."

6. And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

7. Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said.—And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift,

¹ Rules; commands.

which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

8. When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the King of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear.

9. When fatigued with wandering about and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy,¹ a voracious² monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

10. The King of Naples and Antonio, the false

¹ A monster, with the body of a woman and the wings, feet, and claws of a bird of prey.

² Greedy.

brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence¹ was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero. “If you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

II. Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

6. “THE TEMPEST.”—IV.

I. Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

¹ Sorrow for wrong-doing.

2. Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness; and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the King of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too;" and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

3. "O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The King of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda as his son had been.

"Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together."

4. "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter of this Prospero, who is the famous Duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so

much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

5. "Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that, by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

6. These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation,¹ and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

7. Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," said

¹ Bringing about of friendship once more.

he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food and to set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth¹ form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was his only attendant.

8. Before Prospero left the island he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit, who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty—to wander uncontrolled in the air like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits and sweet-smelling flowers.

9. "My quaint² Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom."

"Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!"

10. Here Ariel sang this pretty song:—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;

¹ Awkward; ungraceful.

² Here means clever.

THE TEMPEST.

There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

II. Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the King of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials¹ of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy² of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

¹ Wedding ceremonies. ² Protection; a ship of war for the protection of merchant vessels is called a convoy.

A FINE DAY.

Clear had the day been from the dawn,
 All chequered was the sky;
 Then clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn
 Veiled heaven's most glorious eye.
 The wind had no more strength than this,
 That leisurely it blew,
 To make one leaf the next to kiss
 That closely by it grew.—M. DRAYTON (1563-1631).

7. A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST."—II.

THE LOG BEARERS.

THE ISLAND. BEFORE THE CELL OF PROSPERO.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

FER. There be some sports are painful, and
their labour

Delight in them sets off: ¹ some kinds of baseness ²
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be
As heavy to me as odious, ³ but

The mistress which I serve quickens ⁴ what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: oh, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,
And he's composed of hardness! I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction ⁵; my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such
baseness

Had never like executor. ⁶ I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy least when I do it. ⁷

¹ There are some sports which are painful, but delight in them repays the labour. ² Low forms of labour. ³ Hateful.

⁴ Puts life into. ⁵ Harsh command. ⁶ A similar person to perform it.

⁷ That is, most busy when I indulge my thoughts, least busy when I am actually at work.

Enter MIRANDA; and PROSPERO at a distance.

MIR. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile !
Say, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
I will weep for having wearied you. My father
laboured hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself :
I'll be safe for these three hours.

FER. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
That I must strive to do.

MIR. If you'll sit down,
bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;
carry it to the pile.

FER. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIR. It would become me
 well as it does you: and I should do it
 with much more ease; for my good will is to it,
 and yours it is against.

PROS. [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected.¹
 His visitation² shows it.

MIR. You look wearily.

¹ Tainted with some disease. He means that Miranda is in love with Ferdinand. ² Visit of Miranda to Ferdinand

² Visit of Miranda to Ferdinand.

FER. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning
with me

When you are by at night. I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

MIR. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broken your hest¹ to say so!

FER. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top² of admiration! worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,³
And put it to the foil⁴: but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless,⁵ are created
Of every creature's best!

MIR. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skillless of⁶; but, by my modesty,—

¹ Behest; command. ² The height. ³ Owned. ⁴ Foiled its efforts; made it of no effect. ⁵ Without an equal. ⁶ Ignorant.

The jewel in my dower,¹—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.² But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FER. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king,—
I would, not so !—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than to suffer
The flesh-fly³ blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIR. Do you love me ?

FER. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess⁴ with kind event,⁵
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief !⁶ I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIR. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

¹ Marriage portion.

² To like.

³ The reference is to insects which fly-blow meat. ⁴ Declare.

⁵ Result.

⁶ Turn what is best foretold of me to harm.

FER. Wherefore weep you?

MIR. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.¹ But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me,² plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow³
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FER. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIR. My husband, then?

FER. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom⁴: here's my hand.

MIR. And mine, with my heart in't: and now
farewell.

¹ To be without. ² Tell me the words to say. ³ Companion.

⁴ As the prisoner ever was of freedom.

8. THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE."—I.

[In Book III. you read a brief account of Sir Walter Raleigh, who, you will remember, was not only a soldier, but a scholar, a writer and a lover of poetry. He perished on the scaffold two years after the death of Shakespeare. You are now to read a piece of prose which he wrote in 1591 in order to defend the reputation and to celebrate the courage of his friend and fellow-Devonian, Sir Richard Grenville.]

1. The Lord Thomas Howard, with six of her Majesty's ships, six victuallers¹ of London, the barque² *Raleigh*, and two or three pinnaces,³ riding at anchor near unto Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores,⁴ the last of August in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Midleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada.⁵ He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight: many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island; some providing ballast⁶ for their ships; others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could either for money or by force recover. And that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half part of the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable. For on the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; on the *Bonaventure* not so many in health as could handle her mainsail. The rest for the most part were in little better state.

¹ Store-ships.

² Three-masted vessel, with fore and main mast square-rigged and the mizzen mast rigged fore and aft.

³ Small vessels fitted with oars and sails.

⁴ Group of islands in the Atlantic Ocean, 930 miles west of the coast of Portugal.

⁵ Fleet; not the Armada which attempted to overcome England in 1588.

⁶ Heavy matter to sink a ship sufficiently in the water so that she may sail safely.

2. The Spanish fleet having shrouded¹ their approach by reason of the island, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors, but some of them were driven to let slip their cables and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last weighed. He waited to recover the men who were upon the island, who otherwise had been lost. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind,² which Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the Master and others to cut his mainsail and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of his ship: for the squadron of Seville were on his weather-bow.³

3. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging⁴ that he would rather choose to die than to dishonour himself, his country, and her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers⁵ of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff,⁶ and fell under the *Revenge*.

4. In the meanwhile as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip* being in the

¹ Hidden. ² With much difficulty got to the windward of the enemy.

³ To the windward of his ship's bow. ⁴ Declaring.

⁵ Several. ⁶ Turned their ships' heads towards the wind.

wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither weigh nor feel the helm: so huge was the Spanish ship, being of a thousand and five hundred tons. The *San Philip* laid the *Revenge* aboard,¹ and the ships that were under his lee luffing up,² also laid him aboard. The said *Philip* carried three tier³ of ordnance⁴ on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier.

5. After the *Revenge* was intangled with this *Philip*, four other boarded her: two on her larboard,⁵ and two on her starboard.⁶ The fight, thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip* having received the lower tier of the *Revenge*, discharged with crossbarshot,⁷ shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered,⁸ but we cannot report it for truth unless we were assured.

6. The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred.

¹ Ran aboard the *Revenge*.

² Turning towards the wind.

³ Rows, one above the other.

⁴ Cannon.

⁵ Left side facing the bow.

⁶ Right side facing the bow.

⁷ Projectile which, when discharged, expands into the form of a cross, with one quarter of the ball at each of its points. Such a shot was meant to cut the rigging.

⁸ Sank.

In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders and some few voluntary gentlemen¹ only. After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spaniards deliberated to enter² the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas. After the fight had thus without intermission³ continued while the day lasted and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt, and one of the great galleons⁴ of the Armada and another ship sunk, and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made.

7. Some write that Sir Richard was very dangerously hurt almost at the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. Others affirm⁵ that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck, till an hour before midnight; and then being shot into the body with a musket as he was a-dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal his surgeon wounded to death.

8. But to return to the fight: the Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were

¹ Volunteers.

² Planned to board.

³ Pause.

⁴ Large vessels with lofty stem and stern.

⁵ Declare confidently.



THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE."

(From the painting by Thomas Somerscales. By permission of Mrs. Somerscales.)

wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her sides and aboard her. So that ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had been fifteen several Armadoes¹ assailed her; and all so ill approved of their entertainment, as they were by break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition² than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased: and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts.

9. THE LAST FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE."—II.

I. All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent, all her pikes broken, forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but one hundred free from sickness, and four score and ten sick laid in hold upon the ballast—a small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army. By those hundred all was sustained, the volleys, boardings, and enterings

¹ Ships of the Spanish fleet.

² Arrangement for ending the fight.

of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large.¹

2. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron : they had all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men, or weapons ; the masts all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper work altogether razed,² and in effect evened she was with the water, but³ the very foundation or bottom of a ship ; nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence.

3. Sir Richard finding himself in this distress and unable any longer to make resistance, commanded the Master-gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship ; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards. He persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else.

4. The Master-gunner readily condescended,⁴ and divers others ; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them : alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition as they were willing to offer the same : and that there

¹ Fired at her from a distance. ² Broken down. ³ Only. ⁴ Agreed.

being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and their prince acceptable service hereafter.

5. In spite of Sir Richard's resistance, overtures¹ were made to the Spaniards, who promised to save the lives of the officers and crew and to send them home to England. The Spanish general agreed to this course not only to prevent further bloodshed, but because he wished to save Sir Richard Grenville, "whom for his notable valour he seemed greatly to honour and admire."

6. The Master-gunner finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld and locked into his cabin. Then the Spanish general sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition,² stole away aboard the general³ and other ships. Sir Richard, thus over-matched, was asked by the Spanish general to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men, like a slaughter-house.

7. Sir Richard answered that he might do with

¹ Proposals; offers of terms.

² Fierce temper of mind.

³ The admiral's ship.

his body what he list,¹ for he esteemed² it not, and as he was carried out of the ship he swooned, and reviving again desired the company to pray for him. The general used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness. He greatly bewailed the danger wherein Sir Richard was, being unto them a rare spectacle to see one ship turn towards so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armadoes, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers.

8. Two Spanish ships were sunk by the side of the *Revenge*; one other recovered the road of Saint Michels,³ and sank also there; a fourth ran herself with the shore to save her men. Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day aboard the general, and was by them greatly bewailed. What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea or on land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is, that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity,⁴ and that being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

(Slightly adapted from Sir Walter Raleigh's narrative.)

¹ Pleased. ² Valued. ³ A roadstead of the Azores. ⁴ Descendants.

10. "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

[In Book III. you learnt something of Edmund Spenser, who died when Shakespeare was thirty-five years of age. Spenser was the bosom-friend of Raleigh, and, like him, was a soldier as well as a scholar and a writer. His greatest work was the poetical allegory known as "The Faerie Queene." In Book III. you read the story of this great poem in prose. You are now to read the opening stanzas as Spenser wrote them.]

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT
AND UNA SET OUT.

A gentle knight was pricking¹ on the plain,
Yclad² in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainig to the curb to yield:
Full jolly³ knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts⁴ and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored;
Upón his shield the like was also scored,

¹ Spurring. ² The *y-* is the old sign of the past participle.

³ Handsome (French, *joli*). ⁴ Combats at a tournament.

For sovereign¹ hope, which in his help he had,
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
 But of his cheer² did seem too solemn sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.³

Upon a great adventure he was bond,⁴
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious Queen of Fairy lond⁵)
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave.
 And ever as he rode, his heart did earne⁶
 To prove his puïssance⁷ in battle brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a veil, that wimpled⁸ was full low ;
 And over all a black stole⁹ she did throw,
 As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,
 And heavy sate upon her palfrey¹¹ slow ;
 Seemèd in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she lad.¹¹

¹ Supreme. ² In countenance and bearing.

³ Dreaded ; past participle of "to dread." ⁴ Bound. ⁵ Land.

⁶ Yearn. ⁷ Power ; strength. ⁸ Her veil was plaited in folds,
 and fell so as to cover her face. ⁹ Long robe.

¹⁰ A led-horse, but here the ass on which Una rode.

¹¹ Led.



Sir Walter Raleigh.

(After the painting (artist unknown) in the National Portrait Gallery.)

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
 She was in life and every virtuous lore,
 And by descent from royal lineage¹ came
 Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
 Their sceptres stretch'd from east to western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernal fiend² with foul uproar
 Forwasted³ all their land, and them expelled ;
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far
 compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
 That lazy seemed, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments⁴ at his back. Thus as they past,
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
 And angry Jove⁵ an hideous pour of rain
 Did pour into his consort's⁶ lap so fast,
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain ;⁷
 And this fair couple eke⁸ to shroud themselves were
 fain.⁹

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
 A shady grove not far away they spied,

¹ Line. ² Fiend of hell ; the dragon. ³ Utterly wasted.

⁴ Necessaries. ⁵ Jupiter or Jove, the chief god of ancient Rome,
 was worshipped as the god of rain. ⁶ His wife (consort) was Juno.

⁷ Person was forced to take shelter. ⁸ Also. ⁹ Willing.

That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose lofty trees, yclad¹ with summer's pride
 Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did
 hide,
 Not pierceable² with power of any star ;
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,
 With footing worn and leading inward far ;
 Fair harbour³ that them seems ;⁴ so in they
 entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward
 led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony.
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise⁵ the trees so straight and
 high,
 The sailing pine ;⁶ the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-prop elm ;⁷ the poplar never dry ;⁸
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;
 The aspen good for staves ; the cypress funeral ;⁹

¹ Clad. ² Able to be pierced.

³ Refuge, shelter ; also written arbour. ⁴ Seems to them.

⁵ They began to praise. ⁶ Of which sailing ships are made.

⁷ The elm in Italy is largely used to train up the vine.

⁸ Because it flourishes in damp spots, by river banks, etc.

⁹ Sir Philip Sidney tells us that in olden times cypresses "were wont to dress graves."

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage;¹ the fir that weepeth still;²
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours;³
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will;⁴
 The birch for shafts; the sallow for the mill;⁵
 The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound,⁶
 The warlike beech;⁷ the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive; and the platane⁸ round;
 The carver holme;⁹ the maple, seldom inward
 sound.

II. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."—I.

[In Book III. you read an old ballad entitled *The Jew of Venice*. The story told in that ballad was partly adopted by Shakespeare as the basis of his comedy, *The Merchant of Venice*. As you read the following account of the play by Charles and Mary Lamb, you will notice how wonderfully Shakespeare developed the bald story, and how he clothed its somewhat lifeless characters with flesh and blood, and made them living, breathing creatures, more real to us than many of our friends.]

I. Shylock the Jew lived at Venice; he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by

¹ The crown of laurel was the meed (reward) of great conquerors and sage (wise) poets. Compare poet *laureate*. ² Distills resin.

³ Badge of deserted lovers.

⁴ Bows were made of yew.

⁵ The wood is used for making baskets, charcoal, etc.

⁶ The myrrh has a bitter taste, but the sap which exudes is sweet of smell.

⁷ The war-chariots of the ancients were made of beech.

⁸ The common plane tree.

⁹ Good for carving.

lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted¹ the payment of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent: therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated² revenge.

2. Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned,³ and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies;⁴ indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony,⁵ had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender

¹ Forced. ² Thought about. ³ Had the best disposition.

⁴ Gracious and kindly acts. ⁵ Estate left to him by his father.

means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

3. One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune¹ by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favours he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.²

4. Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

5. Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shy-

¹ Make up for his losses.

² Gold coins each worth about 9s. 4d. of our money.

lock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip,¹ I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him: he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis;² and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!"

6. Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend me the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto³ many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe;⁴ and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I were a cur. Well, then, it now appears you need my help, and you come to me and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys.*

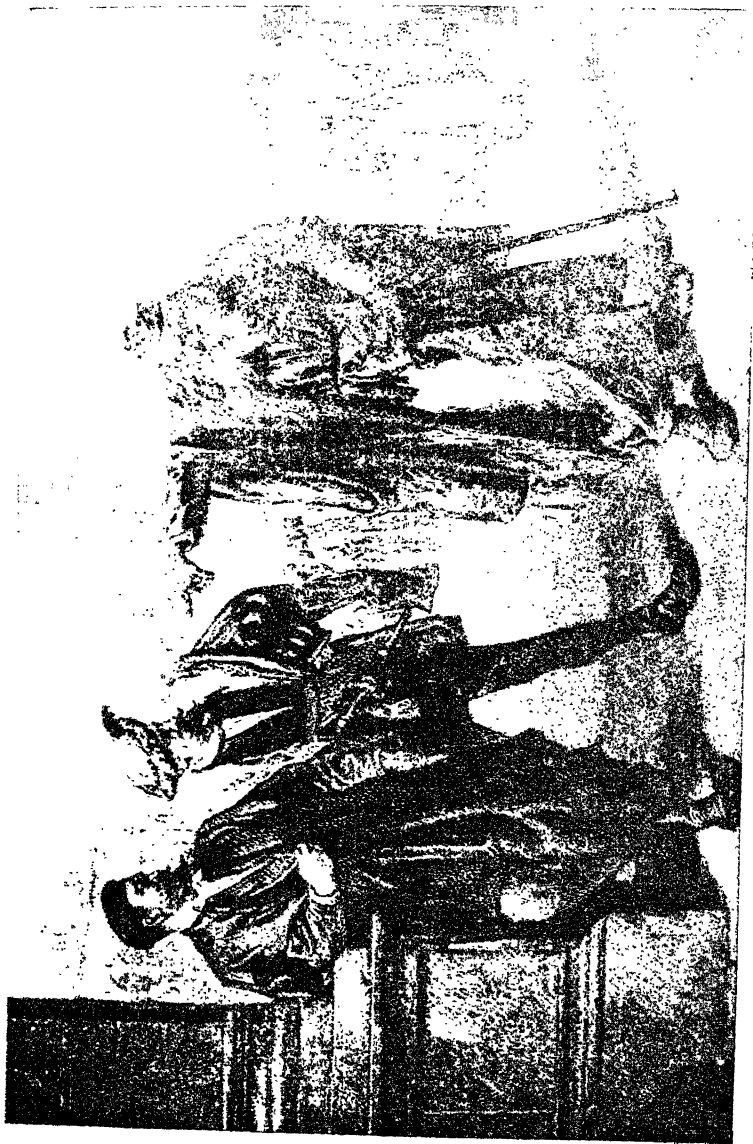
7. "Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur

¹ A wrestler's term meaning get a good grip on him.

² For nothing.

³ The chief bridge at Venice, formerly the resort of merchants.

⁴ To bear suffering is the mark of a Jew.



ON THE RIALTO.

(From the picture by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys." Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break,¹ you may with better face exact the penalty."²

8. "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond,³ that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

9. "Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

¹ Become bankrupt.
according to our agreement.

² Force from me that which I must pay,

³ Legal agreement.

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

10. Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture?¹ A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable,² nor profitable either, as the flesh of mutton or beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

12. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."—II.

1. At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not wish that his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

¹ Forcing from him that which he must give up.

² Highly thought of.



The Doges' Palace.
(From the picture by Abel Truchet.)

2. The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont. Her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.¹

3. Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

4. Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him.

5. And then the accomplished² Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlesioned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit

¹ Marcus Junius Brutus, who helped to murder Julius Cæsar (44 B.C.).

² Clever and gifted.

her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring"—presenting a ring to Bassanio.

6. Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and, taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

7. Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

8. Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married



Choosing the Caskets.
(From the painting by F. Barth. See page 74.)

Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

9. The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper. Gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt."

10. Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, I*

could wish to see you at my death : notwithstanding, use your pleasure ; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

11. "O, my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business, and begone ; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money ; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa ; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

12. The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted on having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

13. When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerily to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned ; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone she began to think and

consider within herself if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wifelike grace that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and, by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

14. Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law: to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.¹

15. Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and

¹ To fit her out to play the part of a counsellor.

senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

13. SCENES FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."—I.

[In the account of the play which you have just read no mention is made of the method by which Portia chose Bassanio as her husband. Before she saw Bassanio she had many lovers, but none of them pleased her. Amongst those who sought her hand was a Neapolitan prince, whom she disliked because he talked of nothing but his horse; the Count Palatine, who was far too gloomy and frowning for her; a French lord, whom she thought too light and frivolous; an English baron, who could not speak her language; a Scottish lord, a German noble, and the Prince of Morocco. Portia's father, in his will, bade her choose her husband by means of a lottery. She was to set before her suitors three caskets—the first of gold, the second of silver, and the third of lead. He who chose the casket containing Portia's portrait was to be her husband. Just before Bassanio appears on the scene, and chooses the right casket (the leaden one), the Prince of Morocco makes his choice.]

BELMONT. AN APARTMENT IN PORTIA'S HOUSE.

Enter PORTIA with the PRINCE OF MOROCCO and both their Trains.

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover¹
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
Now make your choice.

MOR. The first, of gold, which this inscription
bears :

“Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men
desire.”

The second, silver, which this promise carries :

“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he
deserves.”

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt :²

“Who chooseth me, must give and hazard³ all he
hath.”—

How shall I know if I do choose the right ?

POR. The one of them contains my picture,
prince :

If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOR. Some god direct my judgment ! Let me
see.

I will survey⁴ the inscriptions back again :

What says this leaden casket ?

¹ Show. ² Rough and dull. ³ Risk. ⁴ Look over.

“Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.”

Must give—for what ? for lead ? hazard for lead ?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages :

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross ;¹

I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.

What says the silver, with her virgin hue ?²

“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.”

As much as he deserves ?—Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand.

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,³

Thou dost deserve enough ; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady ;

And yet, to be afeard of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling⁴ of myself.

As much as I deserve ?—Why, that's the lady :

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding ;

But more than these in love I do deserve.

What if I strayed no further, but chose here ?—

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold :

“Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.”

¹ Things which appear worthless.

³ Reputation.

² Pure bright colour.

⁴ Undervaluing.

Why, that's the lady ; all the world desires her ;
 From the four corners of the world they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint.¹
 The Hyrcanian deserts,² and the vasty³ wilds
 Of wild Arabia, are as throughfares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia :
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation
 To think so base a thought : it were too gross⁴
 To rib her cerecloth⁵ in the obscure⁶ grave.
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,⁷
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in
 England
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculped upon ;⁸
 But here an angel in a golden bed

¹ The reference is to pilgrims who travel far to visit the tombs of the saints. Portia is a "mortal-breathing"—that is, a living saint.

² Hyrcania was a province of ancient Persia, on the south and south-east shores of the Caspian Sea.

³ Waste ; desolate.

⁴ Coarse.

⁵ Enclose her winding sheet.

⁶ Dark.

⁷ Imprisoned.

⁸ Raised ; embossed.

Lies all within.—Deliver me the key :
Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

POR. There, take it, prince, and if my form be
there

Then I am yours.

[*He unlocks the golden casket.*

MOR. O gods ! what have we here ?

A carrion death,¹ within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] "All that glisters² is not gold ;
Often have you heard that told :
Many-a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold :
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled :³
Fare you well ; your suit is cold."⁴

Cold, indeed, and labour lost ;
Then, farewell, heat ; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious⁵ leave ; thus losers part.⁶ [*Exit.*

POR. A gentle riddance.—Draw the curtains : go.
Let all of his complexion⁷ choose me so.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Skull from which the flesh had rotted off. ² Glistens.

³ Written on the scroll. ⁴ Meets with a cold reception.

⁵ Wearisome ; tiresome because long-drawn out.

⁶ Depart.

⁷ Character and appearance.

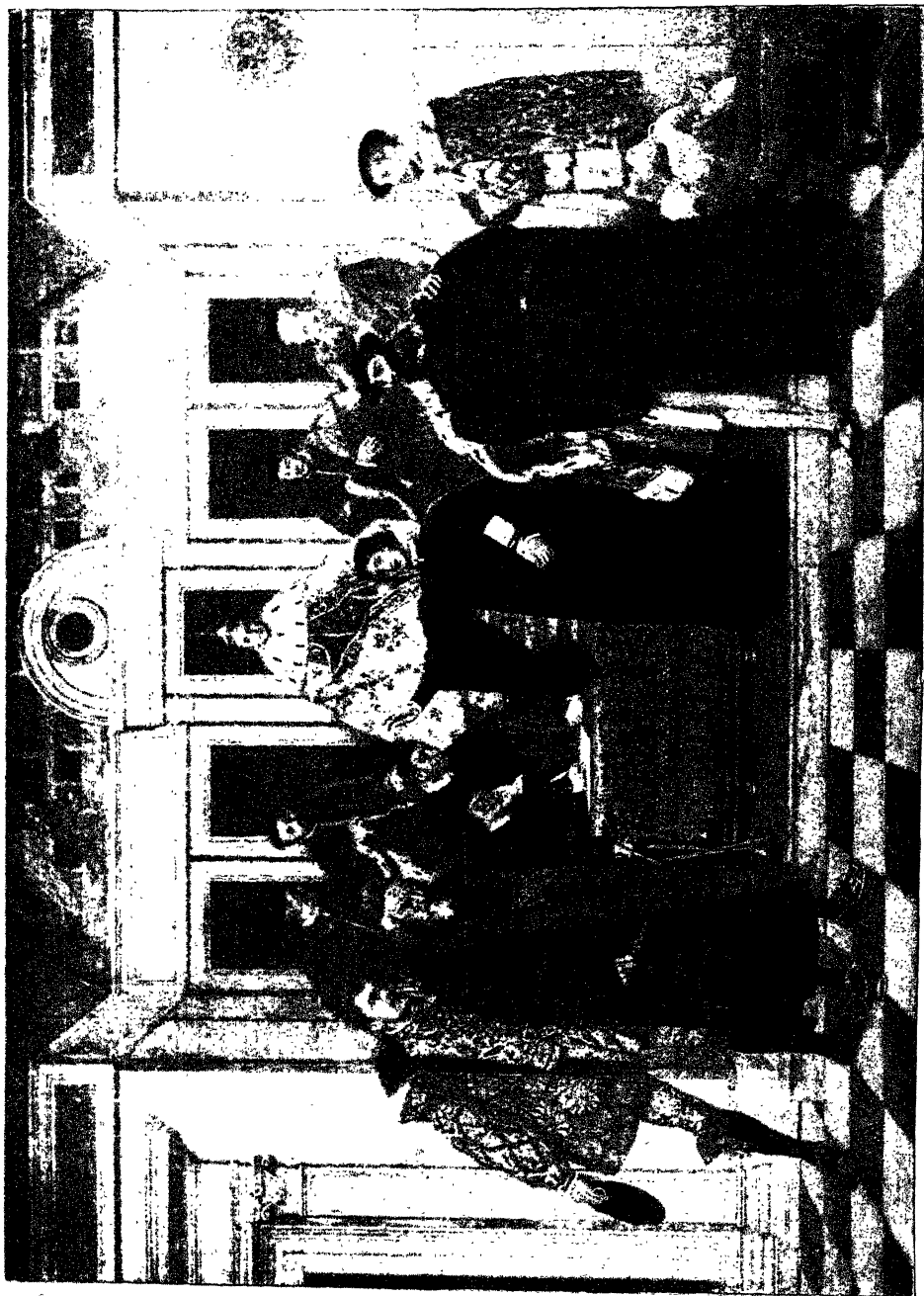
14. "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."—III.

1. And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

2. The importance of the arduous¹ task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's: saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of² God Himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered³ justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy.

3. Shylock only answered her by desiring to

¹ Very difficult. ² That which belongs to. ³ Softened; modified.



The Trial Scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

(From the painting by Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I. By permission of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.)

have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law¹ a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you!"

4. Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond, and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, "By my soul, I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."—"Why, then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the 'knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with

¹ Turn it from its proper course.

great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?"

5. Antonio, with a calm resignation,¹ replied that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio. Fare you well. Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me² to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio in the deepest affliction replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life. I would lose all, I would sacrifice all, to deliver you."

6. Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat

¹ Yielding to the force of circumstances. ² Remember me kindly.

some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

7. Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

8. Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity."

9. To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

10. "Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS PORTIA.

(From the photograph by Window and Grove.)

something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and

goods are by the law to be confiscated to¹ the state of Venice." Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient,² plaudits³ resounded from every part of the senate-house, and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

11. Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said, with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste: the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty; therefore, prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you, shed no blood; nor do cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less than by one poor scruple,⁴ nay, if the scale turn but by the

¹ Taken possession of by.

² Plan; device.

³ Sounds of applause, shouts of delight and clapping of hands.

⁴ One twenty-fourth of an ounce.

weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate.”—“Give me my money, and let me go,” said Shylock. “I have it ready,” said Bassanio; “here it is.”

15. “THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.”—IV.

1. Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, “Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you.”

2. The duke then said to Shylock, “That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.”

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock’s wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately been married against his consent to a young Chris-

tian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock that he had disinherited her.¹

3. The Jew agreed to this; and being thus disappointed in his revenge and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home: send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."—"Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

4. The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity² of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman, for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

5. The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and

¹ Cut her off from taking his wealth after his death.

² Cleverness in finding out ways and means.



SHYLOCK AND JESSICA, HIS DAUGHTER.

(From the picture by M. Gottlieb. By permission of Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl.)

I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

6. Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger. Now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him, to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "And for your love I will take this ring from you."

7. Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation.¹ On this Portia affected² to be affronted,³ and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

8. "Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him

¹ Giving notice to the public.

² Pretended.

³ Insulted.

have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies, to think, when they got home, how they could tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

9. Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness¹ of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw. The moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall. How far that little candle throws its beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." And hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

¹ Inward knowledge.

10. And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and, dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife: '*Love me, and leave me not.*'"

11. "What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep it until the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."—"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed¹ boy, no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life; this prating² boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with

¹ Stunted in growth like "scrub" or brushwood.

² Idly-talking.

your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

12. Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor,¹ who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

13. "Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake;

¹ Doctor of laws.

and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you.”—“Then you shall be his surety,” said Portia; “give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other.”

14. When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

15. Then Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives; Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

While he lived, he'd fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

16. SCENES FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."—II.

VENICE. A COURT OF JUSTICE.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

*[Presents a letter.]*DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court,—
Where is he?NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four
of you

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?¹POR. I am informèd thoroughly² of the cause.—
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?¹ The dispute which is the subject of the present trial.² Thoroughly.

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock ?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow ;
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you ¹ as you do proceed.—

[To ANT.] You stand within his danger,² do you
not ?

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess ³ the bond ?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strained,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes ⁴
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal ⁵ power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,

¹ Call you in question.

² In his power to do you harm by means of a lawsuit.

³ Acknowledge.

⁴ Adorns.

⁵ Earthly.

It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's
 When mercy seasons justice.¹—Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render²
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate³ the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head !⁴ I crave the
 law,

The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;
 Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,⁵
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice⁶ bears down truth. And I beseech you,
 Wrest once the law to your authority :⁷

¹ When justice is robbed of harshness by mercy. ² Give or pay.

³ Make less severe.

⁴ I will take the full responsibility of my deeds.

⁵ Is not sufficient.

⁶ Spite.

⁷ For once twist the law from its right course, as you can do, being so renowned a lawyer.

To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

POR. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishèd :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;¹
And many an error, by the same example,
Will rush into the state : it cannot be.

SHY. A Daniel² come to judgment ! yea, a
Daniel !

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

POR. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHY. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

POR. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered
thee.

SHY. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven :
Shall I lay perjury³ upon my soul ?
No, not for Venice.

POR. Why, this bond is forfeit ;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful :
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

SHY. When it is paid according to the tenour.⁴—
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;

¹ Rule of the court which will be acted upon in the future.

² Daniel was renowned for his wisdom.

³ The crime of false swearing.
(1,780)

⁴ Meaning of the bond.

You know the law, your exposition¹
 Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
 Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
 There is no power in the tongue of man
 To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

ANT. Most heartily I do beseech the court
 To give the judgment.

POR. Why, then, thus it is:—
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHY. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

POR. For the intent and purpose of the law
 Hath full relation to the penalty,²
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHY. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

POR. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHY. Ay, his breast:
 So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?—

“Nearest his heart:”—those are the very words.

POR. It is so. Are there balance' here to weigh
 The flesh?

SHY. I have them ready.

POR. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your
 charge,
 To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

¹ Explanation.

² Applies in all respects to the punishment.

SHY. Is it so nominated¹ in the bond?

POR. It is not so expressed:² but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHY. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

POR. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

ANT. But little: I am armed and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance³
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;⁴
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;⁵
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

¹ Named; set down.

² Stated in words.

³ Self-punishment.

⁴ How Antonio died.

⁵ Speak well of me when I am dead.

17. "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."—I.

[You have already heard something of John Bunyan and of the wonderful allegory which he wrote to illustrate the religious progress of the Christian man from sin to salvation. You are now to read some extracts from "The Pilgrim's Progress."]

DOUBTING CASTLE.

1. At last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he, getting up in the morning early and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were and what they did in his grounds.

2. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, "You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me." So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him,

and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men.

3. Here then they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case,¹ and were far from friends and acquaintance.

4. Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence.² So when he was gone to bed he told his wife what he had done—to wit,³ that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy.

5. So when he arose he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste.⁴ Then he falls upon them and beats them fearfully, in such sort⁵ that they were

¹ A wretched state.

² Want of confidence.

³ Namely.

⁴ Offence.

⁵ Manner.

not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole¹ their misery and to mourn under their distress ; so all that day they spent the time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

6. The next night she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves.² So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison : " For why," said he, " should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness ? " Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether 'twas best to take his counsel or no. Hopeful with comforting words did moderate³ the mind of his brother : so they continued together (in the dark) that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

7. Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel : but when he came there he found them alive, and truly, alive was all ; for now,

¹ Sympathize with each other in. ² Commit suicide. ³ Pacify.

what for want of bread and water and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive ; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

8. Night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, "They are sturdy rogues: they choose rather to bear all hardship than to make away themselves." Then said she, "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched,¹ and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

9. So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again and takes them into the castle-yard and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done ; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again ;" and with that

¹ Killed.

he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before.

10. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, "I fear," said she, "that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have pick-locks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape." . "And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant; "I will therefore search them in the morning."

11. Well, on Saturday about midnight they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful, "That's good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom and try."

12. Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom,



Arming of Christian.

(From the painting by W. E. Gladstone Solomon.)

and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it.

13. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.¹

14. They began to contrive with themselves what they should do to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence, "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial² Country and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after read what was written, and escaped the danger.

¹ District over which he had authority.

² Heavenly.

18. THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

[The following passage is taken from Milton's *L'Allegro*, about which you read in Book IV.]

Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe ;¹
 And in thy right hand lead with thee
 The mountain-nymph,² sweet Liberty ;
 And, if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unreprieved pleasures free ;
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled³ dawn doth rise ;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine ;⁴
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin ;
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before :

¹ Fanciful in action.

² Young and beautiful goddess said to inhabit mountains, rivers, trees, etc.

³ Spotted with specks of light.

⁴ Either the wild rose or the honeysuckle.



L'Allegro.

(From the painting by C. W. Cope, R.A.)

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerily rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar¹ hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate,
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries² dight ;³
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 While the landscape round it measures ;
 Russet⁴ lawns, and fallows⁵ gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest ;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied ;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;

¹ White with frost.² Special dresses worn by servants.³ Dressed.⁴ Reddish-brown.⁵ Land left unsown after having been ploughed.



THALIA, THE MUSE OF PASTORAL POETRY.

Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure¹ of neighbouring eyes.
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon² and Thyrsis,³ met,
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis⁴ dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis⁵ to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead.⁶
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlet will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks⁷ sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,

¹ That which strongly attracts attention. It really means the star-group containing the North Star.

² Name given by the poet Virgil to one of his shepherds.

³ Any herdsman.

⁴ Any country maid-servant.

⁵ Any rustic maiden.

⁶ Meadow.

⁷ Jolly fiddles.

Till the livelong daylight fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Fairy Mab¹ the junkets² eat.
She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
 And *he*, by friar's lantern³ led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin⁴ sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day-labourers could not end ;
 Then lies him down the lubber⁵ fiend,
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full⁶ out of door he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin⁷ rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

¹ Queen of the fairies. ² Sweetmeats. ³ Will-o'-the-wisp.

⁴ Sprite ; Robin Goodfellow. ⁵ Awkward ; clumsy.

⁶ The crop is the craw of a bird ; here it means with full stomach.

⁷ Morning song.

Three Poets in distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of mind surpassed ;
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no farther go ;
 To make a third she joined the former two.

DRYDEN.

19. "THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."—II.

CHRISTIAN LOSES HIS ROLL.

1. Now, when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him again;¹ the name of the one was Timorous,² and of the other Mistrust: to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what's the matter? you run the wrong way."

2. Timorous answered that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place; but said he, "The farther we go, the more danger we meet with; wherefore we turned, and are going back again." "Yes," said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not; and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

3. Then said Christian, "You make me afraid; but whither shall I fly to be safe? If I go back to my own country, *that* is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there; if I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward."

¹ At full speed.

² Timid; full of fear.



CHRISTIAN IS SHOWN THE WAY TO THE CELESTIAL CITY.
(From the picture by W. E. Gladstone Solomon.)

4. So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein and be comforted ; but he felt, and found it not ! Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do ; for he wanted that which used to relieve him and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here, therefore, he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do.

5. At last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill ; and falling down upon his knees, he asked God's forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart ! Sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish to fall asleep in that place, which was erected only for a little refreshment for his weariness. Thus, therefore, he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that all the way as he went, if happily he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times in his journey.

6. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbour where he sat and slept ; but that sight

renewed his sorrow the more by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus, therefore, he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, "O wretched man that I am, that I should sleep in the daytime; that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty; that I should so indulge the flesh¹ as to use that rest for ease to my flesh which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims! How many steps have I taken in vain!

7. Thus it happened to Israel for their sin—they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea; and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps twice over which I needed not to have trod but once; yea, now also I am like to be benighted,² for the day is almost spent. Oh that I had not slept!"

8. Now by this time he was come to the harbour again, where for a while he sat down and wept; but at last (as Providence would have it) looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll, the which he, with trembling and haste, caught up and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was when he had

¹ Give way to my bodily desires.

² Overtaken by night.

gotten his roll again ! for this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance¹ at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to his journey. But oh, how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill !

9. Yet before he got up the sun went down upon Christian, and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping ; and thus he again began to condole with himself : “ Oh, thou sinful sleep, how for thy sake am I like to be benighted in my journey ! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cover the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of the doleful creatures because of my sinful sleep.”

10. Now, also, he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, “ These beasts range in the night for their prey ; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them ? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces ? ” Thus he went on his way. But while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage,² he lifted up

¹ Means of making safe his life and of giving him admission.

² Misfortune.

(1,780)

his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

11. So I saw in my dream that he made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now, before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.)

12. Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, "Is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is, and for discovery of those that have none; keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee."

He that is down needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.—BUNYAN.

20. THE FIRE OF LONDON.

[Last year you read of John Dryden and the poem which he wrote about the wonderful year 1666. I then told you that the finest passages in this poem describe the progress of the Fire of London. You shall now read some verses from this poem, which he called *Annus Mirabilis*, the Latin words for "The Wonderful Year."]

1. The diligence of trades, and noiseful gain
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid ;
 All was the night's, and in her silent reign
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

2. In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;
 And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

- 3 Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
 And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;
 Till the infant monster, with devouring strong,
 Walked boldly upright with exalted ¹ head.

- * * * * *
4. At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
 Called up some waking lover to the sight ;
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

¹ Lifted up.

5. Those next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire ;
And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late
For helpless infants left amidst the fire.
6. Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near ;
Now murmuring noises rise in every street ;
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
And in the dark men jostle as they meet.
7. So weary bees in little cells repose ;
But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
And out upon each other's wings they drive.
8. Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day ;
Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire : ¹
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.
9. In vain ; for from the east a Belgian wind ²
His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent ;
The flames, impelled, ³ soon left their foes behind,
And forward with a wanton fury went.

¹ The choir of St. Paul's Cathedral.

² Blowing from Belgium ; an east wind.

³ Driven onward.

10. A quay of fire ran all along the shore,
And lightened all the river with a blaze;
And wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

* * * * *

11. The fire meantime walks in a broader gross,¹
To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches
 'cross,
And plays his longing flames on the other
 side.

12. At first they warm, then scorch, and then they
 take;
Now with long necks from side to side they
 feed;
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire
 forsake,
And a new colony of flames succeed.

13. To every nobler portion of the town
The curling billows roll their restless tide;
In parties now they straggle up and down,
As armies unopposed for prey divide.

¹ Bulk.

14. One mighty squadron, with a side wind sped,
Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does
haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led
The Lombard ¹ bankers and the 'Change ² to
waste.
15. Another backward to the Tower would go,
And slowly eats his way against the wind ;
But the main body of the marching foe
Against the imperial palace ³ is designed.
16. Now day appears, and with the day the
king, ⁴
Whose early care had robbed him of his rest ;
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender
breast.
17. Near as he draws, thick harbingers ⁵ of smoke
With gloomy pillars cover all the place ;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

¹ Italian bankers from Lombardy settled in Lombard Street.

² The Royal Exchange.

³ The palace of Whitehall.

⁴ Charles the Second.

⁵ Forerunners.

18. More than his guards his sorrows made him
known,
And pious tears which down his cheeks did
shower ;
The wretched in his grief forgot their own—
So much the pity of a king has power.
19. He wept the flames of what he loved so well,
And what so well had merited ¹ his love ;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
Or royal city more in duty strove.
-

21. ROBINSON CRUSOE.—I.

[You have already read the life of Daniel Defoe, who wrote that remarkable book "Robinson Crusoe." The following selections will give you a good idea of Defoe's style.]

CRUSOE'S WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

1. And now our case was very dismal indeed, for we all saw plainly that the sea went so high that the boat could not live, and that we should inevitably² be drowned. As to making sail, we had none ; nor, if we had, could we have done anything with it : so we worked at the oar towards the land, though with heavy hearts, like men going to execution ; for we

¹ Deserved.

² Without hope of escape.

all knew that when the boat came nearer the shore she would be dashed in a thousand pieces by the breach¹ of the sea. However, we committed our souls to God in the most earnest manner, and the wind driving us towards the shore, we hastened our destruction with our own hands, pulling as well as we could towards land.

2. What the shore was—whether rock or sand, whether steep or shoal—we knew not; the only hope that could rationally² give us the least shadow of expectation³ was if we might happen into some bay or gulf, or the mouth of some river, where by great chance we might have run our boat in, or got under the lee⁴ of the land, and perhaps made smooth water. But there was nothing of this appeared; but as we made nearer and nearer the shore, the land looked more frightful than the sea.

3. After we had rowed or rather driven about a league and a half, as we reckoned it, a raging wave, mountain-like, came rolling astern of us, and plainly bade us expect the *coup de grace*.⁵ In a word, it took us with such a fury that it upset the boat at once, and separating us as well from the boat as from one another, gave us not time hardly to say, “O God!” for we were all swallowed up in a moment.

¹ Breaking; breakers. ² Reasonably. ³ Hope of escape. ⁴ Shelter.

⁵ French for “Blow of grace;” death-blow given to a hunted animal.

4. Nothing can describe the confusion of thought which I felt when I sank into the water; for though I swam very well, yet I could not deliver myself from the waves so as to draw breath, till that a wave, having driven me or rather carried me a vast way on towards the shore, and having spent itself, went back, and left me upon the land almost dry, but half dead with the water I took in.

5. I had so much presence of mind as well as breath left that, seeing myself nearer the mainland than I expected, I got upon my feet, and endeavoured to make on towards the land as fast as I could before another wave should return and take me up again. But I soon found it was impossible to avoid it; for I saw the sea come after me as high as a great hill, and as furious as an enemy which I had no means or strength to contend with.

6. My business was to hold my breath and raise myself upon the water if I could, and so by swimming to preserve my breathing and pilot¹ myself towards the shore if possible—my greatest concern now being that the sea, as it would carry me a great way towards the shore when it came on, might not carry me back again with it when it gave back towards the sea.

7. The wave that came upon me again buried

¹ Guide.



CRUSOE BRINGING STORES FROM THE WRECK.
(From the painting by Charles D. Ward.)

me at once twenty or thirty feet deep in its own body, and I could feel myself carried with a mighty force and swiftness towards the shore a very great way; but I held my breath and assisted myself to swim still forward with all my might. I was ready to burst with holding my breath, when, as I felt myself rising up, so to my immediate relief I found my head and hands shoot out above the surface of the water; and though it was not two seconds of time that I could keep myself so, yet it relieved me greatly, gave me breath and new courage.

8. I was covered again with water a good while, but not so long but I held it out; and finding the water had spent itself and begun to return, I struck forward against the return of the waves, and felt ground again with my feet. I stood still a few moments to recover breath, and till the water went from me, and then took to my heels and ran with what strength I had farther towards the shore. But neither would this deliver me from the fury of the sea, which came pouring in after me again, and twice more I was lifted up by the waves and carried forward as before, the shore being very flat.

9. The last time of these two had well near been fatal to me, for the sea having hurried me along as before, landed me, or rather dashed me, against a piece of a rock, and that with such force as it left

me senseless and indeed helpless as to my own deliverance; for the blow taking my side and breast, beat the breath as it were quite out of my body, and had it returned again immediately, I must have been strangled in the water; but I recovered a little before the return of the waves, and seeing I should be covered again with the water, I resolved to hold fast by a piece of the rock, and so to hold my breath, if possible, till the wave went back.

10. Now as the waves were not so high as at first, being near land, I held my hold till the wave abated,¹ and then fetched another run, which brought me so near the shore that the next wave, though it went over me, yet did not so swallow me up as to carry me away; and the next run I took I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat me down upon the grass, free from danger, and quite out of the reach of the water.

11. I was now landed, and safe on shore, and began to look up and thank God that my life was saved in a case wherein there was, some minutes before, scarce any room to hope. I walked about on the shore lifting up my hands, and my whole being, as I may say, wrapped up in the contemplation of² my deliverance, making a thousand gestures

¹ Lessened in strength.

² Thinking deeply about.

and motions which I cannot describe, reflecting¹ upon all my comrades that were drowned, and that there should not be one soul saved but myself; for, as for them, I never saw them afterwards, or any sign of them, except three of their hats, one cap, and two shoes that were not fellows.

12. I cast my eyes to the stranded vessel, when the breach and froth of the sea being so big I could hardly see it, it lay so far off, and considered, "Lord, how was it possible I could get on shore?"

22. A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

[The following verses are by John Dryden, who, you will remember, wrote his greatest ode (*Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music*) on the same subject. Notice in reading this poem how the sound of the various instruments (the trumpet, drum, flute, lute, violin, and organ) is represented by the different forms of verse.]

I.

What passion² cannot music raise and quell?

When Jubal³ struck the chorded shell,⁴

His listening brethren stood around,

And, wondering, on their faces fell

To worship that celestial sound.

¹ Thinking.

² Strong feeling.

³ The inventor of music (Gen. iv. 21).

⁴ Shell strung with strings that could be made to vibrate and produce sound.



ST. CECILIA.

(After the painting by Carlo Dolci in the Gallery at Dresden.)

Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot music raise and quell?

II.

The trumpet's loud clangour¹
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum
 Cries, Hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

III.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge² is whispered by the warbling lute.

IV.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs,³ and desperation,⁴
 Fury, frantic indignation,⁵
 Depth of pains, and height of passion,
 For the fair, disdainful⁶ dame.

¹ Sharp, harsh sound.

² Funeral song.

³ Sudden sharp pains felt at the sight of successful rivals.

⁴ State of having lost all hope.

⁵ Wild, mad anger.

⁶ Scornful.

V.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach,
The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring¹ holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

VI.

Orpheus² could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.³
But bright Cecilia⁴ raised the wonder higher:
When to her organ vocal breath⁵ was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres⁶ began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above;
So when the last and dreadful hour

¹ Breathing into us. ² The god of music. ³ Eager to follow his harp.

⁴ The patron saint of musicians and inventor of the organ.

⁵ Breath formed into voice.

⁶ Heavenly bodies.

This crumbling pageant¹ shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high.
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.²

23. ROBINSON CRUSOE.—II.

CRUSOE TURNS POTTER AND BOAT-BUILDER.

1. Within doors—that is, when it rained, and I could not go out—I found employment on the following occasions, always observing that all the while I was at work I diverted myself³ with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak; and I quickly learned him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud—POLL—which was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This, therefore, was not my work, but an assistant to my work; for now, as I said, I had a great employment upon my hands, as follows—namely, I had long studied by some means or other to make myself some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not where to come at them.

¹ Great show.
with music.
(1,780)

² It was created to music; it shall be destroyed
³ Turned my thoughts aside; amused myself.

2. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any such clay, I might botch up¹ some pot as might, being dried in the sun, be hard enough and strong enough to bear handling, and to hold anything that was dry and required to be kept so. And as this was necessary in the preparing corn, meal, etc., which was the thing I was upon, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars to hold what should be put into them.

3. It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, misshapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out, the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over-violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces with only removing as well before as after they were dried; and, in a word, how, after having laboured hard to find the clay, to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home and work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things—I cannot call them jars—in about two months' labour.

4. However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them

¹ Clumsily make.

down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break; and as between the pot and the basket there was a little room to spare, I stuffed it full of the rice and barley straw. And these two pots being to stand always dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

5. Though I miscarried¹ so much in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success, such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins,² and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them strangely hard.

6. But all this would not answer my end, which was to get an earthen pot to hold what was liquid, and bear the fire, which none of these could do. It happened after some time, making a pretty large fire for cooking my meat, when I went to put it out after I had done with it, I found a broken piece of one of my earthenware vessels in the fire burned as hard as a stone, and red as a tile. I was agreeably surprised to see it, and said to myself that certainly they might be made to burn whole, if they would burn broken.

7. This set me to studying how to order my fire, so as to make it burn me some pots. I had no

¹ Failed.

² Small pots.

notion of a kiln, such as the potters burn in, or of glazing them with lead, though I had some lead to do it with; but I placed three large pipkins and two or three pots in a pile, one upon another, and placed my firewood all round it, with a great heap of embers under them. I plied the fire with fresh fuel round the outside and upon the top till I saw the pots in the inside red-hot quite through, and observed that they did not crack at all.

8. When I saw them clear red, I let them stand in that heat about five or six hours, till I found one of them, though it did not crack, did melt or run—for the sand which was mixed with the clay melted by the violence of the heat, and would have run into glass if I had gone on; so I slacked my fire gradually, till the pots began to abate of the red colour; and watching them all night, that I might not let the fire abate too fast, in the morning I had three very good—I will not say handsome—pipkins and two other earthen pots as hard burned as could be desired, and one of them perfectly glazed with the running of the sand.

9. After this experiment I need not say that I wanted no sort of earthenware for my use; but I must needs say, as to the shapes of them, they were very indifferent, as any one may suppose, when I had no way of making them but as the

children make dirt-pies, or as a woman would make pies that never learned to raise paste.

* * * * *

10. [Crusoe now began to make a canoe out of the trunk of a great tree.] I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining¹ whether I was ever able to undertake it; not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head, but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it by this foolish answer which I gave myself, "Let's first make it; I'll warrant I'll find some way or other to get it along when 'tis done."

11. This was a most preposterous² method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar tree. I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the temple at Jerusalem! It was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches.

12. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom. I was fourteen more getting

¹ Settling in my mind.

² Absurd; foolish.

the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off, which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet and inexpressible labour.¹ After this it cost me a month to shape it and dub² it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do.

13. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did indeed without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome periagua,³ and big enough to have carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

14. When I had gone through this work I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than I ever saw a periagua, that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure, and there remained nothing but to get it into the water; and had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage and the most unlikely to be performed that ever was undertaken.

¹ That cannot be put into words. ² Smooth and shape with an adze.

³ Canoe.

15. But all my devices to get it into the water failed me, though they cost me infinite labour too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was uphill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth, and so make a declivity.¹ This I began, and it cost me a prodigious² deal of pains; but who grudge pains that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one, for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat (the ship's boat which had been cast ashore).

16. Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work, and when I began to enter into it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found that by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; for the shore lay high, so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep. So at length, though with great reluctance,³ I gave this attempt over also.

¹ Slope.

² Enormous; monstrous.

³ Unwillingness.



CRUSOE WORKING AT HIS BOAT.
(From the painting by Charles D. Ward.)

24. ROBINSON CRUSOE.—III.

THE RESCUE OF FRIDAY.¹

1. I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together on my side the island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight! . . . I set my guns at the foot of my ladder and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages, as usual, standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not perceive me by any means.

2. Here I observed by the help of my perspective glass² that they were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, that they had had meat dressed. How they had cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures³ and figures their own way round the fire.

3. While I was thus looking on them I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately

¹ Friday afterwards became Crusoe's servant. He was so called from the day of his rescue.

² Telescope.

³ Rude, uncivilized movements of the body.

fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword. . . . In that very moment the other poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran with incredible¹ swiftness along the sands directly towards me ; I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was. . . .

4. There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship ; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, or the poor wretch would be taken there. But when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up, but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three persons came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that standing on the other side, he looked at the other, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back, which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.²

5. I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek

¹ Not to be believed.

² On the whole.

as the fellow was that fled from them. It came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly,¹ that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life.

6. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible expedition,² fetched my two guns, for they were both but at the foot of the ladders, as I observed above ; and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed toward the sea ; and having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them. But I beckoned with my hand to him to come back, and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed ; then rushing upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece.³

7. I was loath⁴ to fire, because I would not have the rest hear ; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have

¹ Could not be restrained.

² Haste.

³ Butt end of my musket.

⁴ Unwilling.

easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a pace towards him. But as I came nearer I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me ; so I was then necessitated¹ to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot.

8. The poor savage who fled, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to fly than to come on.

9. I hallooed again to him, and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way ; then stopped again, and then a little farther, and stopped again ; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of ; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps in token of acknowledgment² for saving his life. I smiled at him and

¹ Forced.

² As a sign of thanks.

I looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer.

10. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground; and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head. This, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could.

11. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I had knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself: so I pointed to him and showed him the savage, that he was not dead. Upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years.

12. The savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him. Upon this, my savage—for so I call him now—made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; which I did. He no sooner



CRUSOE AND FRIDAY.
(From the painting by Charles D. Ward.)

had it but he ran to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better.

13. When he had done this, he came laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again, and with abundance of gestures which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me. But that which astonished him most was to know how I killed the other Indian so far off. So pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him ; so I bade him go, as well as I could. When he came to him, he stood like one amazed, looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other, looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast. He took up his bow and arrows and came back ; so I turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me.

14. Upon this he made signs to me that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest if they followed, and so I made signs to him again to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it and covered him, and did so by the other also. I believe he had

buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave on the farther part of the island.

15. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins¹ to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running; and having refreshed him, I made signs for him to go and lie down to sleep, showing him a place where I had laid some rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes. So the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

25. THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

[The following short poem is by Alexander Pope, the poet of whom you read in Book IV. Most of his work is too difficult for you to understand just yet.]

Once upon a time (so runs the fable)
A country mouse, right hospitable,²
Received a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord—
A frugal³ mouse, but loved his friend,
And would, on just occasion, spend.

¹ Dried grapes.

² Given to entertaining guests.

³ Thrifty; careful in the use of food and money.



Crusoe in his Cave.
(From the painting by Alexander Fraser, A.R.S.A., in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding, that might have pleased a dean ;¹
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 And wished it Stilton² for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest though no way sparing,
 He ate himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier³ scarce would touch a bit,
 But showed his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cried, "I vow you're mighty neat.
 But oh ! my friend, this savage scene !
 Pray come with me, and live with men :
 Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 Both small and great, both you and I ;
 Then spend your time in feast and sport,
 Enjoy yourself, for life is short."

The veriest rustic in the nation
 Might yield to such an invitation.
 Away they come, through thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn.⁴
 The moon was up and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red ;

¹ Head of a cathedral.

² Rich white cheese, so called from Stilton in Huntingdonshire.

³ One with the graceful and flattering manners of a court.

⁴ Part of London containing one of the Inns of Court and many lawyers' offices.

The guests, withdrawn, had left the treat,
And now the mice sat down to eat.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish—
Tells all their names with knowing air :
“ Pray taste of this—ah ! that is rare ;
That jelly’s rich, this wine is healing ;
Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.”
Was ever such a happy swain ? ¹
He stuffs and drinks, and stuffs again.
“ I’m quite ashamed—’tis mighty rude
To eat so much, but all’s so good ;
I have a thousand thanks to give—
My lord alone knows how to live.”

No sooner said, but from the hall
Rush footman, butler, dogs, and all :
“ A rat, a rat ! clap to the door ”—
The cat comes bouncing on the floor.
The frightened mice, by fortune crossed,
Give themselves fairly up for lost ;
But ’mid the hurry and the rout ²
They just contrive to scramble out.
“ An’t please your honour,” quoth the peasant,
“ This same dessert is not so pleasant :

¹ Countryman.

² Disorderly flight.

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty !”

26. LO, THE POOR INDIAN!

[This is a famous passage from Pope's *Essay on Man*.]

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored ¹ mind
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind ;
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, ² or milky way ; ³
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n ;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians lust ⁴ for gold.
To be, ⁵ contents his natural desire :
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's ⁶ fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, ⁷
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

¹ Untaught.

² Path of the sun.

³ The bright band, caused by the light of many stars, seen at night stretching across the heavens from horizon to horizon.

⁴ Eagerly desire.

⁵ Simply to live.

⁶ Nine choirs of angels are mentioned by old writers, the first choir including seraphim and cherubim.

⁷ Where all created things are equal.

27. THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING.

[The following piece by Joseph Addison will serve as a model for you in writing an essay on the modern adventures of a shilling.]

1. Methought¹ that the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, and turning the face towards me, opened its mouth, and in a soft silver sound, gave me the following account of his life and adventures:—

2. “I was born (says he) on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot,² under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined,³ naturalized,⁴ and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other.

3. “Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble, and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favoured my natural disposition,⁵ and shifted me so fast from hand to hand, that before I was five years old I had travelled into almost every corner of the nation. But in the

¹ It seemed to me.

² Mass of unwrought metal.

³ Purified.

⁴ Made a citizen of the country.

⁵ Liked my looks and good qualities.

beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening.

4. "After an imprisonment of several years, we heard somebody knocking at our chest and breaking it open with a hammer. This we found was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release: he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not: as for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's¹ shop for a pint of sack.² The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist³ preacher.

5. "After this manner I made my way merrily through the world; for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction

¹ One who sells drugs and medicines; here, wine also.

² A dry Spanish wine, somewhat like sherry.

³ Belonging to one of the religious bodies other than the Church of England.

to treat a Templar¹ at a twelvepenny ordinary,² or carry him, with three friends, to Westminster Hall.

6. "In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman,³ who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of⁴ a foolish saying, 'That while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling



about her, she should never be without money.' I continued here a close prisoner for many months, till at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

7. "I thus rambled from pocket to pocket till the beginning of the civil wars,⁵ when, to my shame

¹ Student or lawyer living in the Temple, London. The Inner Temple and Middle Temple are two of the Inns of Court.

² Place where regular meals are provided at fixed charges.

³ One who ignorantly believes in charms, signs of future events, etc.

⁴ Accordance with.

⁵ Waged between the king's friends and Parliament from 1642 to 1648.

be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle¹ country fellows, and list them in the service of the Parliament.

8. "After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations² of joy at the receiving of the will: but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate, by virtue of my being made a present to him.³

9. "This put him into such a passion, that after having taken me in his hand and cursed me, he squirmed me away⁴ from him as far as he could fling me. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

10. "About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner-time, fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cook's shop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's

¹ Entice; entrap; wheedle.

³ "Cut off with a shilling."

² Outward signs.

⁴ Flung me edgeways.

health. When I came again into the world, I found that I had been happier in my retirement than I thought, having probably, by that means, escaped wearing a monstrous pair of breeches.¹

II. "Being now of great credit and antiquity,² I was rather looked upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; for which reason a gamester laid hold of me, and converted me to a counter,³ having got together some dozens of us for that use. We



led a melancholy life in his possession, being busy at those hours wherein current coin is at rest, and partaking the fate of our master, being in a few moments valued at a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the situation in which the fortune of the cards placed us. I had at length the good luck to see my master break, by which means I was again sent abroad under my primitive denomination⁴ of a shilling.

¹ The shilling might have been recoined with a figure of Oliver Cromwell wearing a huge pair of breeches.

² Age.

³ Piece of metal which stands for some value given to it.

⁴ First name and value.



AN EVENING PARTY IN THE TIME OF ADDISON.

(From the picture by Ricci. By permission of the Berlin Photograph Co.)

12. "I shall pass over many other accidents of less moment, and hasten to that fatal catastrophe,¹ when I fell into the hands of an artist,² who conveyed me under ground, and with an unmerciful pair of shears, cut off my titles, clipped my brims, retrenched³ my shape, rubbed me to my inmost ring, and, in short, so spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not leave me worth a groat.⁴

13. "You may think what a confusion I was in, to see myself thus curtailed and disfigured. I should have been ashamed to have shown my head, had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some few. In the midst of this general calamity, when everybody thought our misfortune irretrievable,⁵ and our case desperate, we were thrown into the furnace together, and (as it often happens with cities rising out of a fire) appeared with greater beauty and lustre⁶ than we could ever boast of before.

14. "What has happened to me since this change of sex⁷ which you now see, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime, I shall only repeat two adventures, as being

¹ Very great misfortune. ² Here means a clever, cunning rogue.

³ Cut away; curtailed. ⁴ The practice of "clipping coin" was common in earlier times, and was punished by the death of the offender.

⁵ Not to be recovered from.

⁶ Brightness.

⁷ It was now a Queen Anne shilling.

very extraordinary, and neither of them having ever happened to me above once in my life.

15. "The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was so taken with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque¹ poem in the British language, entitled from me, 'The Splendid Shilling.'² The second adventure, which I must not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; but indeed this was by a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

28. AN ODE.

[This beautiful poem was written by Addison on the following passage from the Psalms:—"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another. There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world." The poem was first printed in No. 465 of the *Spectator*, published on August 23, 1712.]

1. The spacious firmament³ on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,⁴

¹ A burlesque is a play, piece of writing, or drawing intended to make fun of something serious. The author of "The Splendid Shilling" did not mean his poem to be a burlesque.

² Written by John Philips, published in 1703.

³ Wide spreading vault in which the stars were thought to be fixed.

⁴ Filled with the clear light of something supposed to occupy all space.

And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original¹ proclaim.
 The unwearied sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

2. Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets² in their turn,
 Confirm³ the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial⁴ ball?
 What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant⁵ orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine."⁶

¹ God, who is the origin or source of everything.

² Heavenly bodies which revolve round the sun.

³ Strengthen ; make sure.

⁴ Earthly.

⁵ Shining.

⁶ That of God.



GULLIVER TAKING A WALK IN THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT.

29. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—I.

[Every boy and girl will read the following passages from Dean Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" with the greatest possible interest. It has been well said that there is no more original work of genius in literature than Swift's famous book.]

GULLIVER ARRIVES IN LILLIPUT.

1. I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than I ever remember to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for when I awaked it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir; for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground, and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures¹ across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards: the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended² my eyes. I heard a confused noise about me, but in the posture I lay could see nothing except the sky.

2. In a little time I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward as much as

¹ Bandages.

² Hurt.

I could, I perceived it to be a human creature not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured¹) following the first. I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground.

3. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill but distinct voice, *Hekinah degul*. The others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant. I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness.

4. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings and wrench out the pegs that fastened my left arm to the ground—for by lifting it to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me. At the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

¹ Guessed.

5. But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them: whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased I heard one of them cry aloud, *Tolgo phonac*; when in an instant I felt above a hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand.

6. When this shower of arrows was over, I fell a-groaning with grief and pain; and then striving again to get loose, they discharged another volley larger than the first, and some of them attempted with spears to stick me in the sides; but by good luck I had on me a buff jerkin,¹ which they could not pierce. I thought it the most prudent method to lie still, and my design was to continue so till night, when, my left hand being already loose, I could easily free myself; and as for the inhabitants, I had reason to believe I might be a match for the greatest army they could bring against me, if they were all of the same size with him that I saw. But fortune disposed otherwise of me.

7. When the people observed I was quiet, they

¹ Jacket of soft leather.

discharged no more arrows: but by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work, when, turning my head that way as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality,¹ made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

8. But I should have mentioned that, before the principal person began his oration,² he cried out three times, *Langro dehul san* (these words and the former were afterwards repeated and explained to me). Whereupon, immediately about fifty of the inhabitants came and cut the strings that fastened the left side of my head, which gave me the liberty of turning it to the right, and of observing the person and gesture of him that was to speak. He appeared to be of a middle age, and taller than any of the other three who attended him, whereof one was a page that held up his train, and seemed to be somewhat longer than

¹ Importance in the State.

² Speech.

my middle finger ; the other two stood one on each side to support him.

9. He acted every part of an orator,¹ and I could observe many periods of threatenings, and others of promises, pity, and kindness. I answered in a few words, but in the most submissive² manner, lifting up my left hand and both my eyes to the sun, as calling him for a witness ; and being almost famished with hunger, having not eaten a morsel for some hours before I left the ship, I found the demands of nature so strong upon me that I could not forbear showing my impatience (perhaps against the strict rules of decency) by putting my finger frequently to my mouth, to signify that I wanted food.

10. The *hurgo* (for so they call a great lord, as I afterwards learnt) understood me very well. He descended from the stage, and commanded that several ladders should be applied to my sides, on which above a hundred of the inhabitants mounted, and walked towards my mouth, laden with baskets full of meat, which had been provided and sent thither by the king's orders, upon the first intelligence he received of me.

11. I observed there was the flesh of several animals, but I could not distinguish them by the

¹ Public speaker.

² Humble and yielding.



Gulliver imprisoned in Lilliput.

(From the picture by Bert Story.)

taste. There were shoulders, legs, and loins, shaped like those of mutton, and very well dressed, but smaller than the wings of a lark. I ate them by two or three at a mouthful, and took three loaves at a time, about the bigness of musket bullets. They supplied me as fast as they could, showing a thousand marks of wonder and astonishment at my bulk and appetite.

12. I then made another sign that I wanted drink. They found by my eating that a small quantity would not suffice me; and being a most ingenious people, they slung up, with great dexterity,¹ one of their largest hogsheads, then rolled it towards my hand, and beat out the top. I drank it off at a draught—which I might well do, for it did not hold half a pint, and tasted like a small wine of Burgundy,² but much more delicious. They brought me a second hogshead, which I drank in the same manner, and made signs for more; but they had none to give me.

[By means of signs Gulliver gave the Lilliputians to understand that he would go quietly to the capital, which was about half a mile distant. He was subsequently conveyed thither, and at first was confined in a large temple. Afterwards he was liberated and kindly treated by the Emperor.]

¹ Skilfulness.

² So called because it is made in Burgundy, an old province in the east of France.

30. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—II.

GULLIVER PREVENTS AN INVASION.

1. The empire of Blefuscu is an island situated to the north-east of Lilliput, from which it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon notice of an intended invasion, I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence¹ of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death, and an embargo² laid by our emperor upon all vessels whatsoever.

2. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet; which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed;³ who told me that in the middle at high water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most.

3. I walked towards the north-east coast, over

¹ Information; news.

² Stoppage of trade.

³ Sounded; found the depth of.

against Blefuscu, where, lying down behind a hillock, I took out my small perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports.¹ I then came back to my house, and gave orders (for which I had a warrant)² for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger, and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, bending the extremities into a hook.

4. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived at the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy were so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls.

5. I then took my tackling, and fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords

¹ Ships for carrying soldiers.

² Written authority.

together at the end. While I was thus employed, the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face, and, besides the excessive¹ smart, gave me much disturbance in my work.

6. My greatest apprehension² was for mine eyes, which I should have infallibly³ lost if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient.⁴ I kept, among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose; and thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect than a little to discompose them.

7. I had now fastened all the hooks, and taking the knot in my hand, began to pull: but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors; so that the boldest part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands; then I took up the knotted end of the

¹ Very great.

² Fear.

³ Without fail.

⁴ Plan.

cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with the greatest ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

8. The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination¹ of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul of each other; but when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair as it is almost impossible to describe or conceive.

9. When I had got out of danger, I stopped awhile to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me on my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

10. The emperor and his whole court stood on the shore, expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon, but could not discern me, who was up

¹ Idea.



GULLIVER PREVENTS AN INVASION.

to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet in pain, because I was under water to my neck.¹

11. The emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner.² But he was soon eased of his fears; for the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing, and holding up the end of the cable, by which the fleet was fastened, I cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant³ King of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums,⁴ and created me a *nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

12. His Majesty desired I would take some other opportunity of bringing all the rest of his enemy's ships into his ports. And so immeasurable is the ambition of princes, that he seemed to think of nothing less than reducing the whole empire of Blefuscu into a province, and governing it by a

¹ Swift is most careful to make all the objects in Lilliput stand in the right proportion to the size of the inhabitants, but here he over-estimates Gulliver's powers. The feat which he performs is equivalent to a man drawing one thirty-fifth part of an ordinary ship of war of the time across a channel eight hundred yards wide while wading neck-deep in water. This is quite impossible.

² As an enemy.

³ Powerful.

⁴ High praises.

viceroys;¹ of destroying the Big Endian exiles,² and compelling that people to break the smaller end of their eggs, by which he would remain the sole monarch of the whole world.

13. But I endeavoured to divert him from this design, by many arguments drawn from the topics³ of policy⁴ as well as justice; and I plainly protested “that I would never be an instrument of bringing a free and brave people into slavery;” and when the matter was debated in council, the wisest part of the ministry were of my opinion.

¹ One who acts in the place of a king.

² There were two religious parties in Lilliput—the Big Endians, who broke their eggs at the big end, and the Little Endians, who broke their eggs at the small end. The Big Endians stand for the Roman Catholics, and the Little Endians for the Protestants. Some of the Big Endians had gone into exile in Blefuscu.

³ Subjects.

⁴ Discussions about the right way of governing a country.

ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslips, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

31. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—I.

[The following extracts are from Oliver Goldsmith's beautiful poem, *The Deserted Village*. Dr. Johnson tells us how Goldsmith wrote this poem. He "first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat down carefully to versify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject; and if sometimes he would exceed his prose design by writing several verses impromptu,¹ these he would take singular² pains afterwards to revise, lest they should be found unconnected with his main design." We are told that Goldsmith considered that he had done a good morning's work when he had written *ten* lines of this poem.]

THE VILLAGE AS IT WAS.**I.**

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,

¹ Off-hand.

² Especial.



A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !

II.

How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting¹ lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending² as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art³ and feats of strength went
round.

THE VILLAGE AS IT IS.

III.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage⁴ stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;

¹ Ceasing for a time. ² Striving. ³ Conjuring tricks.

⁴ The plain only produces half of what might be grown.

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern¹ guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing² flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries :
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall ;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

THE HOPES OF A WANDERER.

IV.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations³ past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

¹ Bird of the heron family only found in solitary places.

² Bird of the plover family, called also the *pee-wit* from its cry.

³ Troubles.

32. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—II.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

V.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place ;
Unpractised he to fawn,¹ or seek for power,
By doctrines² fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

VI.

His house was known to all the vagrant train ;³
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain :
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;

¹ Cringe ; flatter in a base way.

² Teachings.

³ Wandering beggars.

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were
won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.¹

AT CHURCH.

VII.

At church, with meek and unaffected² grace,
His looks adorned the venerable³ place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal,⁴ each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,⁵
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

¹ He gave first because he was sorry for them, then because it was his duty to give.

² Real, not pretended.

³ Ancient and worthy of respect and honour. ⁴ Unfailing eagerness.

⁵ Coaxing ways that made them dear to him.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;¹
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

VIII.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably² gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,—
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding³ tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters⁴ in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited⁵ glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

¹ Showed.² Serving no useful purpose.³ Fearing some evil coming to them.⁴ Here means punishments.⁵ Pretended.

IX.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault :
 The village all declared how much he knew ;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher¹ too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,²
 And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.³

X.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,—
 For e'en though vanquished,⁴ he could argue still ;
 While words of learnèd length and thundering
 sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

¹ Do arithmetic.² Foretell.³ Measure the amount of liquid in a cask or vessel.⁴ Beaten.

The little hedgerow birds,
 That pluck along the road, regard him not.
 He travels on, and in his face, his step,
 His gait, is one expression : every limb,
 His look and bending figure, all bespeak
 A man who does not move with pain, but moves
 With thought. . . .

He is by nature led
 To peace so perfect that the young behold
 With envy what the old man hardly feels.

WORDSWORTH.



**"The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran."
(From the painting by W. P. Frith, R.A.)**

33. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—III.

GULLIVER IN BROBDINGNAG.

[During a second voyage Gulliver was one of a boat's crew sent ashore to fetch water. He wandered away from his companions in order to explore the country, and ultimately¹ was seized by "a huge creature" and carried to Brobdingnag, where he found himself a pigmy amongst giants. The "huge creature" was a farmer, and his daughter Glumdalclitch, a girl of nine years of age, kept Gulliver as a pet. Afterwards she and her father carried Gulliver about the country and exhibited him as a curiosity. At length, the king heard of him and commanded the farmer to bring him to court. Gulliver was sold to the king, but Glumdalclitch continued to act as his nurse and instructor.]

1. The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy,² asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health. I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner.

2. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live

¹ At last.

² Very sorrowful

in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said if I would contrive¹ a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in.

3. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room.

4. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which, being well pitched to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a tap near the bottom to let out the water when it began to grow stale, and two servants could fill it in half an hour.

5. Here I often used to row for my own diversion,² as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and

¹ Plan.

² Amusement.

when they were weary, some of their pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

6. In this exercise I once met with an accident, which had like to have cost me my life ; for one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously¹ lifted me up to place me in the boat. But I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's dress. The head of the pin caught in my clothing, and thus I was held in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

7. Another time one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat ; but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning.

¹ In a very meddling manner.

8. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious¹ slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

9. But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet,² while she went somewhere upon business or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency.

34. GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—IV.

1. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet window, and skip about from one side to the other ; whereat, although I was much alarmed, yet I ventured to

¹ Hateful.

² Small private room.



GULLIVER HAS AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING AND QUEEN
OF BROBDINGNAG.

look out, but not stirring from my seat, and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window.

2. I retreated to the farther corner of my room or box ; but the monkey, looking in at every side, put me into such a fright that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted places to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet¹ of my coat (which, being made of that country silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out.

3. He took me up in his right fore foot and held me as a nurse does a child, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe ; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard that I thought it more prudent² to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species,³ by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw.

¹ Flap.

² Wiser.

³ Kind.

4. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof next to ours.

5. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted.¹ That quarter of the palace was all in an uproar: the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore paws, whereat many of the rabble² below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous³ enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

6. The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men; which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed,⁴ not being able

¹ Driven out of her mind.

³ So absurd as to cause laughter.

² Mob of people.

⁴ Surrounded.

to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge-tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves ; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his pocket, brought me down safe.

7. I was so weak and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court sent every day to inquire after my health ; and her Majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

8. When I attended the king after my recovery, to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. . . . He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his Majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought as curiosities from other places, and so small that I could deal with a dozen of them together if they presumed to attack me.

9. As for that monstrous animal with whom I

was so lately engaged (it was, indeed, as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger¹ (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke), when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put it in. . . . However, my speech produced nothing else besides a loud laughter.

35. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.—I.

[You already know that Goldsmith's "The Vicar of Wakefield" is considered to be one of the most charming novels ever written. At the time when the first extract begins, the Vicar has lost his fortune, and has accepted a small country living which brings him in fifteen pounds a year. To eke out a livelihood he also manages a small farm. After a time he proposes to sell a colt at a neighbouring fair, and with the proceeds "buy us a horse that would carry single or double upon an occasion, and make a pretty appearance at church or upon a visit."]

MOSES AT THE FAIR.

1. As the fair happened on the following day, I had intentions of going myself; but my wife persuaded me that I had got a cold, and nothing could prevail upon her to permit me from home.

¹ Short sword curved near the point.

“No, my dear,” said she, “our son Moses is a discreet¹ boy, and can buy and sell to very good advantage ; you know all our great bargains are of his purchasing. He always stands out and higgles, and actually tires them till he gets a bargain.”

2. As I had some opinion of my son’s prudence, I was willing enough to entrust him with this commission ;² and the next morning I perceived his sisters mighty busy in fitting out Moses for the fair ; trimming his hair, brushing his buckles, and cocking his hat with pins. The business of the toilet³ being over, we had at last the satisfaction of seeing him mounted upon the colt, with a deal box before him to bring home groceries in.

3. He had on a coat made of that cloth they call thunder-and-lightning, which, though grown too short, was much too good to be thrown away. His waistcoat was of gosling green,⁴ and his sisters had tied his hair with a broad black riband. We all followed him several paces from the door, bawling after him “Good luck ! good luck !” till we could see him no longer.

4. [While Moses was absent at the fair, visitors arrived, and one of them remained until nightfall.

¹ Wary ; prudent.

² Work that was handed over to him.

³ Dressing.

⁴ Of a yellowish-green hue, like that of a young goose.



DRESSING MOSES FOR THE FAIR.
(From the picture by Daniel Maclise, R.A.)

The Vicar began to wonder what could keep his son so long at the fair.]

“Never mind our son,” cried my wife; “depend upon it he knows what he is about. I’ll warrant we’ll never see him sell his hen on a rainy day.¹ I have seen him buy such bargains as would amaze one. I’ll tell you a good story about that that will make you split your sides with laughing. But as I live, yonder comes Moses without a horse, and the box at his back.”

5. As she spoke, Moses came slowly on foot, and sweating under the deal box which he had strapped round his shoulders like a pedlar. “Welcome, welcome, Moses; well, my boy, what have you brought us from the fair?”—“I have brought you myself,” cried Moses, with a sly look, and resting the box on the dresser.—“Ay, Moses,” cried my wife, “that we know, but where is the horse?”—“I have sold him,” cried Moses, “for three pounds five shillings and twopence.”—“Well done, my good boy,” returned she, “I knew you would touch them off.² Between ourselves, three pounds five shillings and twopence is no bad day’s work. Come, let us have it, then.”

6. “I have brought back no money,” cried

¹ When it would look its worst and fetch a poor price.

² Get the better of them.

Moses again. "I have laid it all out in a bargain, and here it is," pulling out a bundle from his breast; "here they are, a gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen¹ cases."—"A gross of green spectacles!" repeated my wife in a faint voice. "And you have parted with the colt, and brought us back nothing but a gross of green paltry spectacles!"—"Dear mother," cried the boy, "why won't you listen to reason? I had them a dead bargain, or I should not have bought them. The silver rims alone will sell for double the money."

7. "A fig for the silver rims!" cried my wife in a passion; "I dare swear they won't sell for above half the money at the rate of broken silver, five shillings an ounce."—"You need be under no uneasiness," cried I, "about selling the rims, for they are not worth sixpence, for I perceive they are only copper varnished over."—"What!" cried my wife, "not silver, the rims not silver!"—"No," cried I, "no more silver than your saucepan."—"And so," returned she, "we have parted with the colt, and have only got a gross of green spectacles with copper rims and shagreen cases! A murrain² take such trumpery!³ The blockhead

¹ A kind of leather with a grained surface, prepared without tanning from the skin of the horse, ass, and camel, sometimes from the shark, sea-otter, and seal.

² Cattle-plague.

³ Worthless rubbish.

has been imposed upon, and should have known his company better."

8. "There, my dear," cried I, "you are wrong; he should not have known them at all."—"Marry,¹ hang the idiot!" returned she, "to bring me such stuff; if I had them I would throw them into the fire!"—"There again you are wrong, my dear," cried I, "for though they be copper, we will keep them by us, as copper spectacles, you know, are better than nothing."

9. By this time the unfortunate Moses was undeceived. He now saw that he had indeed been imposed upon by a prowling sharper,² who, observing his figure, had marked him for an easy prey. I therefore asked the circumstances of his deception.

10. He sold the horse, it seems, and walked the fair in search of another. A reverend-looking man brought him to a tent, under pretence of having one to sell. "Here," continued Moses, "we met another man, very well dressed, who desired to borrow twenty pounds upon these, saying that he wanted money, and would dispose of them for a third of the value.

11. "The first gentleman, who pretended to be

¹ An old oath meaning "By Mary!"

² Swindler; cheat.

my friend, whispered to me to buy them, and cautioned me¹ not to let so good an offer pass. I sent for Mr. Flamborough,² and they talked him up as finely as they did me, and so at last we were persuaded to buy the two gross between us."

36. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.—II.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

1. My wife and daughters happening to return a visit to neighbour Flamborough's, found that family had lately got their pictures drawn by a limner,³ who travelled the country and took likenesses for fifteen shillings a head. As this family and ours had long a sort of rivalry⁴ in point of taste, our spirit took the alarm at this stolen march upon us, and notwithstanding all I could say, and I said much, it was resolved that we should have our pictures done too.

2. Having, therefore, engaged the limner (for what could I do?), our next deliberation⁵ was to show the superiority of our taste in the attitudes.⁶ As for our neighbour's family, there were seven

¹ Warned me to take care.

² A neighbouring farmer.

³ Painter of portraits.

⁴ Competition.

⁵ Careful thought.

⁶ Positions in which we were to be painted.

of them, and they were drawn with seven oranges—a thing quite out of taste, no variety in life, no composition¹ in the world. We desired to have something in a brighter style, and, after many debates, came to a unanimous resolution² of being drawn together in one large historical family piece. This would be cheaper, since one frame would serve for all, and it would be infinitely more genteel; for all families of any taste were now drawn in the same manner.

3. As we did not immediately recollect an historical subject to hit us, we were contented each with being drawn as independent historical figures. My wife desired to be represented as Venus,³ and the painter was desired not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher⁴ and hair. Her two little ones were to be as Cupids⁵ by her side, while I, in my gown and band, was to present her with my books on the Whistonian controversy.⁶ Olivia

¹ Art of putting figures together in a happy and pleasing way.

² Were all of one mind.

³ The goddess of love amongst the ancient Romans.

⁴ Part of her dress, forming the lower part of the bodice in front.

⁵ Cupid, the god of love, was the son of Venus. He is usually represented as a winged boy with bow and arrows.

⁶ Whiston was the author of books which held that a clergyman might marry again on the death of his wife. The Vicar held the contrary opinion, and wrote books against Whiston's views. This was the Whistonian controversy, or dispute.

would be drawn as an Amazon,¹ sitting upon a bank of flowers, dressed in a green Joseph,² richly laced with gold, and a whip in her hand. Sophia was to be a shepherdess, with as many sheep as the painter could put in for nothing ; and Moses was to be dressed out with a hat and white feather.

4. Our taste so much pleased the Squire that he insisted on being put in as one of the family in the character of Alexander the Great³ at Olivia's feet. This was considered by us all as an indication of his desire to be introduced into the family, nor could we refuse his request. The painter was therefore set to work, and as he wrought with assiduity⁴ and expedition,⁵ in less than four days the whole was completed. The piece was large, and it must be owned he did not spare his colours ; for which my wife gave him great encomiums.

5. We were all perfectly satisfied with his performance ; but an unfortunate circumstance had not occurred till the picture was finished, which now struck us with dismay. It was so very large that we had no place in the house to fix it ! How

¹ The Amazons were female warriors mentioned by ancient Greek writers.

² Caped overcoat worn by women when riding.

³ King of Macedonia and founder of a great empire in Western Asia (356-323 B.C.).

⁴ Diligence.

⁵ Rapidity.

we all came to disregard so material¹ a point is inconceivable ; but certain it is, we had been all greatly remiss.²

6. The picture, therefore, instead of gratifying our vanity,³ as we hoped, leaned in a most mortifying⁴ manner against the kitchen wall, where the canvas was stretched and painted, much too large to be got through any of the doors, and the jest of all our neighbours. One compared it to Robinson Crusoe's long boat, too large to be removed ; another thought it more resembled a reel in a bottle ; some wondered how it could be got out, but still more were amazed how it ever got in.

THE NOBLE NATURE.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :⁵
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night—
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see ;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.—B. JONSON.

¹ Essential ; most important.

² Negligent ; wanting in thought and care.

³ Pleasing our pride.

⁴ Humbling.

⁵ Dry ; withered.



A Winter Evening.

(From the picture by Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A. By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.)

37. FROM COWPER'S "THE TASK."

[In Book IV. you read the poem entitled *Alexander Selkirk*, by William Cowper, a poet who was born in 1731 and died in 1800. Like Goldsmith, he was a son of the parsonage, and as a child was in delicate health. His mother died in his sixth year, and this loss overwhelmed him with grief. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards prepared for the Bar, but his mind gave way, and he had to be confined in an asylum. Three times in later life he fell into this condition. In the summer of 1765 he lived in the family of a clergyman at Huntingdon, where he was most kindly and tenderly treated. Later on, he removed with the widow and daughter of the clergyman to Olney in Buckinghamshire, and in the quiet happiness of their home found rest and peace for his perturbed spirit. He was nursed by these ladies during his fits of madness, and in the intervals he employed himself in writing verses and in playing with three tame hares. His first book of poems was published in 1782, and his most important work, *The Task*, in 1785. Cowper was not only a pleasant and graceful poet, but one of the best letter writers who ever lived. During the last few years of his life he was practically dead to the world.]

I. WINTER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate,¹ wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in. . . .
 O winter ! ruler of the inverted year,²
 Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,

¹ Make drunk. ² That part of the year in which light and darkness are inverted (turned upside down), so that night is longer than day.

Thy breath congealed ¹ upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating ² his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate ³ delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.

¹ Frozen.² Making up for.³ Close ; familiar.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind !
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

SHAKESPEARE.

II. SLAVERY.

[Cowper published these verses in the year 1785, when slavery still existed in the British colonies. It was not abolished until the year 1834.]

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews¹ bought and sold have ever gained.
No ; dear as freedom is, and, in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate² and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

¹ That which joins a muscle to a bone ; here means bodily strength.

² Set free.



COWPER.
(From the portrait by George Romney.)

38. COWPER'S LETTERS.**I. A HARE AT LARGE.**

1. The following occurrence ought not to be passed over in silence in a place where so few notable ones are to be met with. Last Wednesday night, while we were at supper, between the hours of eight and nine, I heard an unusual noise in the back parlour, as if one of the hares was entangled, and endeavouring to disengage herself. I was just going to rise from the table, when it ceased. In about five minutes a voice on the outside of the parlour door inquired if one of my hares had got away.

2. I immediately rushed into the next room, and found that my poor favourite Puss had made her escape. She had gnawed in sunder the strings of a lattice-work, with which I thought I had sufficiently secured the window, and which I preferred to any other sort of blind, because it admitted plenty of air. From thence I hastened to the kitchen, where I saw the redoubtable¹ Thomas Freeman,² who told me that having seen her, just after she had dropped into the street, he attempted to cover her with his hat, but she screamed out, and leaped directly over his head.

¹ Valiant.

² The Olney ginger-bread baker.

3. I then desired him to pursue as fast as possible, and added Richard Coleman¹ to the chase, as being nimbler and carrying less weight than Thomas—not expecting to see her again, but desirous to learn, if possible, what became of her. In something less than an hour, Richard returned, almost breathless, with the following account.

4. That soon after he began to run, he left Tom behind him, and came in sight of a most numerous hunt of men, women, children, and dogs; that he did his best to keep back the dogs, and presently outstripped the crowd, so that the race was at last disputed between himself and Puss. She ran right through the town and down the lane that leads to Dropshort; a little before she came to the house he got the start and turned her; she pushed for the town again, and, soon after she entered it, sought shelter in Mr. Wagstaff's tanyard, adjoining old Mr. Drake's.

5. Sturge's harvest men were at supper, and saw her from the opposite side of the way. There she encountered the tan pits² full of water; and while she was struggling out of one pit and plunging into another, and almost drowned, one

¹ Cowper's next-door neighbour.

² The hides are soaked in pits of water, between layers of bark, with lime.

of the men drew her out by the ears and secured her. She was then well washed in a bucket, to get the lime out of her coat, and brought home in a sack at ten o'clock.

6. This frolic cost us four shillings, but you may believe we did not grudge a farthing of it. The poor creature received only a little hurt in one of her claws and in one of her ears, and is now almost as well as ever.

(Letter written to the Rev. John Newton, August 21, 1780.)

II. IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE FLOOD.

[At the opening of this letter Cowper says that he has been wondering at the patience of the men who lived in the days before the Flood. He has often asked himself how they could endure a life of seven or eight hundred years, without much variety and without the many employments and amusements which we may now indulge in.]

7. I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve¹ it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goat's milk, and a dozen good sizable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirty years of age, having played with

¹ Answer.

my arrows till he has stript off all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chase, and it is become necessary that I should dine.

8. I dig up my roots ; I wash them ; I boil them ; I find them not done enough. I boil them again. My wife is angry ; we dispute ; we settle the point ; but in the meantime the fire goes out and must be kindled again. All this is very amusing.

9. I hunt ; I bring home the prey ; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent ; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground and eating the fruit of it, hunting and walking and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world¹ so much occupied as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow.

10. What wonder, then, that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement,² when there is so

¹ The world in the earliest times.

² Much less rudeness of life and greater variety of interests and occupations.

much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this ! Thus, however, it is, and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste, when I have no good reason for being so.

(Letter written to Rev. John Newton, November 30, 1783.)

III. A DREAM OF MILTON.

11. Oh, you rogue ! what would you give to have such a dream about Milton, as I had about a week since ? I dreamed that being in a house in the city, and with much company, looking towards the lower end of the room from the upper end of it, I descried a figure which I immediately knew to be Milton's.

12. He was very gravely but very neatly attired in the fashion of his day, and had a countenance which filled me with those feelings that an affectionate child has for a beloved father—such, for instance, as Tom has for you. My first thought was wonder where he could have been concealed

so many years; my second, a transport¹ of joy to find him still alive; my third, another transport to find myself in his company; and my fourth, a resolution to accost him.²

13. I did so, and he received me with a complacence³ in which I saw equal sweetness and dignity. I spoke of his *Paradise Lost*, as every man must, who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me, when I first discovered it, being at that time a schoolboy. He answered me by a smile and a gentle inclination of his head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and, with a smile that charmed me, said, "Well, you for your part will do well also."

14. At last, recollecting his great age (for I understood him to be two hundred years old), I feared that I might fatigue him by much talking. I took my leave, and he took his, with an air of the most perfect good breeding. His person, his features, his manner, were all so perfectly characteristic,⁴ that I am persuaded an apparition of him⁵ could not represent him more completely. This may be said to have been one of the dreams of Pindus,⁶ may it not?

(*Letter written to William Hayley, February 24, 1793.*)

¹ Feeling of being carried out of myself.

² Speak to him.

³ An air of being pleased.

⁴ In accordance with his character.

⁵ His ghost.

⁶ Mountain chain in Greece, thought to be the abode of the gods.

39. SONGS BY ROBERT BURNS.

I. THE BANKS O' DOON.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, [*slopes*
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? [*so*
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care? [*full*
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons¹ thro' the flowering thorn:
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.

2. Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon, [*often have*
 To see the rose and woodbine² twine;
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie, [*every, love*
 And fondly sae did I o' mine;
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, [*pulled*
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree! [*full*
 And my fause luvie staw my [*false lover stole*
 rose,
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

¹ Roves in sport.² Honeysuckle.

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures,
 and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—BACON.

II. JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

1. John Anderson, my jo, John, [sweetheart
 When we were first acquaint, [acquainted.
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent; [smooth
 But now your brow is beld, John, [bald
 Your locks are like the snaw; [snow
 But blessings on your frosty pow, [head
 John Anderson, my jo.
2. John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither; [climbed, together
 And mony a cantie day, John, [many, merry
 We've had wi' ane anither: [one another
 Now we maun totter down, John, [must
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, [together
 John Anderson, my jo.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine, [homely
 Wear hodden gray,¹ and a' that; [all
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their tinsel² show, and a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
 Is king o' men for a' that.

¹ Coarse cloth made of undyed wool.² Gaudy but worthless.

40. THE COTTAR'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

[In Book IV. you read a prose account of this poem. You are now to read extracts from it in Burns's own words.]

HOMeward BENT.

November chill blaws loud wi' [*blows*
 angry sugh; [*whistling sound*
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae [*from*
 the pleugh; [*the plough*
 The black'ning trains o' craws to [*crows*
 their repose;
 The toil-worn Cottar frae his labour [*from*
 goes,—
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, [*toil*
 Collects his spades, his mattocks,¹ and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hame-
 ward bend.

AT HOME.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin,
 stacher thro' [*stagger*

¹ Kind of pickaxe for loosening the soil, having the end broadened instead of pointed.



"TO MEET THEIR DAD, WI' FLICHTERIN' NOISE AND GLEE."

(From the painting by John Burnet.)

To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' [*fluttering*
noise and glee.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin [*small fire, blinking*
bonilie, [*pleasantly*

His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's [*stone*
smile,

The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his
toil.

THE FAMILY GATHERING.

Belyve, the elder bairns [*by-and-by, children*
come drapping in, [*dropping*

At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some [*drive*
tentie rin [*carefully run*

A cannie errand [*needing intelligence in the bearer*
to a neebor town: [*neighbouring*

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her
e'e, [*eyes*

Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw [*fine*
new gown,

Or deposit her sair-worn [*hard-won*
penny fee [*earnings*

To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 An' each for other's welfare kindly
 spiers : [*inquires*
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed
 fleet ; [*hasten away*
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ; [*news*
 The parents, partial,¹ eye their youthful years,
 Anticipation forward points the view ;
 The mother, wi' her needle and her
 sheers, [*scissors*
 Gars auld claes look [*makes old clothes*
 amaist as weel's the new ; [*almost, well*
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.²

THE FATHER'S COUNSEL.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
 The youngers a' are warnèd to obey ;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent [*diligent*
 hand,
 And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play ; [*dally*
 “And, oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night !
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, [*go*
 Implore His counsel and assisting might :
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord
 aright ! ”

¹ Favouring their own children.

² Suitable good advice.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

'The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face

They round the ingle form a circle wide ;

The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,¹

The big ha'-Bible, ance his [*hall-Bible, once*
father's pride :

His bonnet reverently is laid aside, [*hat*

His lyart haffets wearing thin [*gray side locks*
and bare ;

Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,

He wales a portion with judicious care ; [*chooses*

And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn
air.

* * * * *

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,

How Abram was the friend of God on high ;

Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage

With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;²

Or how the royal bard³ did groaning lie

Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;⁴

Or Job's pathetic plaint⁵ and wailing cry ;

Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;

Or other holy seers⁶ that tune the sacred lyre.

¹ Like one of the early heads of families from Adam down to Abraham, Jacob, and his sons.

² Descendants.

³ David.

⁴ Wrathful punishment for sin.

⁵ Pitiful complaint ; lamentation.

⁶ Prophets.



PRAYER.

(From the picture by G. F. Watts, R.A., O.M. Photo by Hollyer.)

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting¹ on triumphant² wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future
 days,
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling time moves round in an eternal
 sphere.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
 The parent-pair their secret homage³ pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That He who stills the raven's clamorous⁴
 nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the
 best,
 For them and for their little ones provide ;
 But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine
 preside.

¹ Rejoicing greatly.
 Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

² Victorious. The passage is quoted from
³ Token of faith and duty. ⁴ Noisy.

A PRAYER FOR SCOTLAND.

O Thou who poured the patriotic tide¹
 That streamed thro' Wallace's² undaunted
 heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,³
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part :
 (The patriot's God, peculiarly⁴ Thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot and the patriot-bard
 In bright succession⁵ raise, her ornament and guard !

41. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH.—I.

[The following passage is from Sir Walter Scott's novel "Kenilworth." It recounts the familiar incident by which Raleigh became known to the queen.]

I. At this moment the gates opened, and ushers⁶ began to issue forth in array, preceded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners.⁷ After this,

¹ Flood of love of country. ² The great Scottish patriot who freed his country, but was beheaded by Edward the First in 1305.

³ Pride of a harsh, cruel ruler.

⁴ Especially.

⁵ Order, one following the other.

⁶ Attendants on the queen.

⁷ Gentlemen attendant on the queen and receiving stated payments for their services.

amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth herself, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a Sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy.¹ She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

2. The young cavalier we have so often mentioned (Raleigh) had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and let his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder ; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person.

3. Unbonneting² at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent³ admiration, which suited so well with his fine feat-

¹ Features of the face. ² Taking off his hat. ³ Burning.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH.
(From the drawing by C. R. Leslie, R.A.)

ures, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass, somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators.

4. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment,¹ while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly.

5. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence,² and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn,

¹ Anger.

² Very low bow.

nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

6. "Come along, Sir Coxcomb,"¹ said Blount (Raleigh's companion); "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot."² Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old cloak, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy."³

7. Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one.—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess⁴ of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it⁵ in an exclamation—"Who would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a mysterious air he

¹ Vain fellow.

² Know.

³ Thrift; carefulness.

⁴ Vast amount.

⁵ Allowed it to escape from him.

walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

8. The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury¹ of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries² which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of the flood-tide.

9. The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat where she sate beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh.

42. QUEEN ELIZABETH AND WALTER RALEIGH.—II.

I. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently,³ made a sign for the

¹ Sign foretelling something.

² Small, swift passenger boats.

³ So it appeared.

wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge; which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment.¹ The muddled cloak still hung upon his arm, and formed the natural topic² with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

2. "You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege-man's³ duty to be bold."

3. "That was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sate by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the

¹ Feelings of discomfort; confusion.

² Subject of conversation.

³ Loyal subject.

newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

4. "May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties ; but if it became me to choose——"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him. "Fie, young man ! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

5. Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her Majesty had before offered.

"How, boy !" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment ? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then ?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy !" said the Queen.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LADY PAGET.

(*From the picture by H. Fraedelle.*)

[There is an old story to the effect that Raleigh once wrote on a window with a diamond the following words:
"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall." It is said that when Elizabeth read the line she wrote beneath it:
"If thy heart fail thee, do not climb at all."]

“It is no longer mine,” said Walter ; “when your Majesty’s foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner.”

6. The Queen again blushed, and endeavoured to cover, by laughing, a slight degree of not unpleasing surprise and confusion.

“Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth’s head is turned with reading romances¹—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends.—What art thou?”

“A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse, upon a message to your Majesty.”

7. [A long conversation then ensued in which Raleigh clearly displayed his readiness, courage, and ability. At length Elizabeth bade him tell her his name and birth.]

“Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen ; the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devonshire.”

8. “Raleigh?” said Elizabeth, after a moment’s recollection ;² “have we not heard of your service in Ireland?”

¹ Fanciful stories of knights and fair ladies and wild adventure.

² Recalling to mind something formerly known.

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there, madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due, and that is in your Majesty's service."

9. The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well and to speak so well. Hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence,¹ till our pleasure be further known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, in the form of a chess-man, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

10. Raleigh, to whom nature had taught those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it.

¹ Sorrow for sin.

42. SONGS BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I. CORONACH.¹

1. He is gone on the mountain,
 He is lost to the forest,
 Like a summer-dried fountain
 When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
 From the raindrops shall borrow;
But to us comes no cheering,
 To Duncan no morrow!
2. The hand of the reaper
 Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
 Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
 Waft the leaves that are searest;
But our flower was in flushing
 When blighting was nearest.
3. Fleet foot on the correi,²
 Sage counsel in cumber,³

¹ Dirge; song of lamentation for the dead.

² Hollow in the side of a hill; more often spelt "corrie."

³ Confusion; distress.



THE STAG AT BAY—A HIGHLAND SCENE.
(From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A.)

Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

II. LOCHINVAR.

1. Oh, young Lochinvar ¹ is come out of the west !
Through all the wide Border ² his steed was the
best ;
And save his good broadsword, he weapons had
none—
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.
2. He stayed not for brake, ³ and he stopped not for
stone,
He swam the Esk ⁴ river where ford there was
none ;

¹ Young Lochinvar's castle was on an island in a loch situated in the parish of Dalry, Kirkcudbrightshire.

² The disturbed country lying between England and Scotland.

³ Thick growth of ferns.

⁴ River of Dumfriesshire, falling into the Solway Firth.

But ere he alighted at Netherby¹ gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard² in love and a dastard³ in war
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

3. So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers
and all!
Then spake the bride's father, his hand on his
sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a
word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Loch-
invar?"

4. "I long wooed your daughter, my suit you
denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its
tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Loch-
invar."

¹ Netherby Hall, the seat of the Grahams (Græmes) of Netherby, is in a hamlet on the Esk, just across the Scottish border in Cumberland.

² Loiterer.

³ Coward.

5. The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took
 it up,
 He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down
 the cup.
 She looked down to blush, and she looked up to
 sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her
 eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could
 bar—
 “Now tread¹ we a measure!” said young Loch-
 invar.

6. So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard² did
 grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did
 fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet
 and plume;
 And the bride-maidens whispered, “’Twere better
 by far
 To have matched our fair cousin with young
 Lochinvar.”

¹ Dance.

² Dance for two, common in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

7. One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger
 stood near ;
 So light to the croupe¹ the fair lady he swung,
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and
 scaur ;²
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth
 young Lochinvar.

8. There was mounting ’mong Grames of the
 Netherby clan ;
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode
 and they ran ;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea ;³
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they
 see.
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Loch-
 invar ?

From “ Marmion.”

¹ Place behind the saddle.

² Steep bank or rock.

³ On the Esk in south-east Dumfriesshire.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a man
 kills a reasonable creature, God’s image ; but he who destroys a good
 book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye.

MILTON.

44. THE BOYHOOD OF LORD NELSON.

[The following extract is from "The Life of Nelson," by Robert Southey, who, you will remember, was one of the "Lake Poets," and succeeded Wordsworth as Poet Laureate. Southey designed his Life of Nelson to be "clear and concise enough to become a manual¹ for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him, till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart."]

1. Horatio, son of Edmund and Catherine Nelson, was born September 29, 1758, in the parsonage house of Burnham Thorpe, a village in the county of Norfolk of which his father was rector. The maiden name of his mother was Suckling. Her grandmother was an elder sister of Sir Robert Walpole, and this child was named after his godfather, the first Lord Walpole.

2. Mrs. Nelson died in 1767, leaving eight out of eleven children. Her brother, Captain Maurice Suckling of the navy, visited the widower upon this event, and promised to take care of one of the boys. Three years afterwards, when Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonnable*, of sixty-four guns. "Do, William," said he to a brother who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell

¹ Handbook.

him that I should like to go to sea with Uncle Maurice."

3. Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health ; his circumstances were straitened,¹ and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered. He knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated, and did not oppose his resolution. He understood also the boy's character, and had always said that in whatever station he might be placed he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree.

4. Accordingly Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon-ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once."

5. It is manifest from these words that Horatio was not the boy whom his uncle would have chosen to bring up in his own profession. He was never of a strong body, and the ague,² which at that time was one of the most common diseases in England, had greatly reduced his strength ; yet he had

¹ He was short of money and in debt.

² Fever coming on at intervals, and causing shivering.

already given proofs of that resolute heart and nobleness of mind which, during his whole career of labour and of glory, so eminently¹ distinguished him.

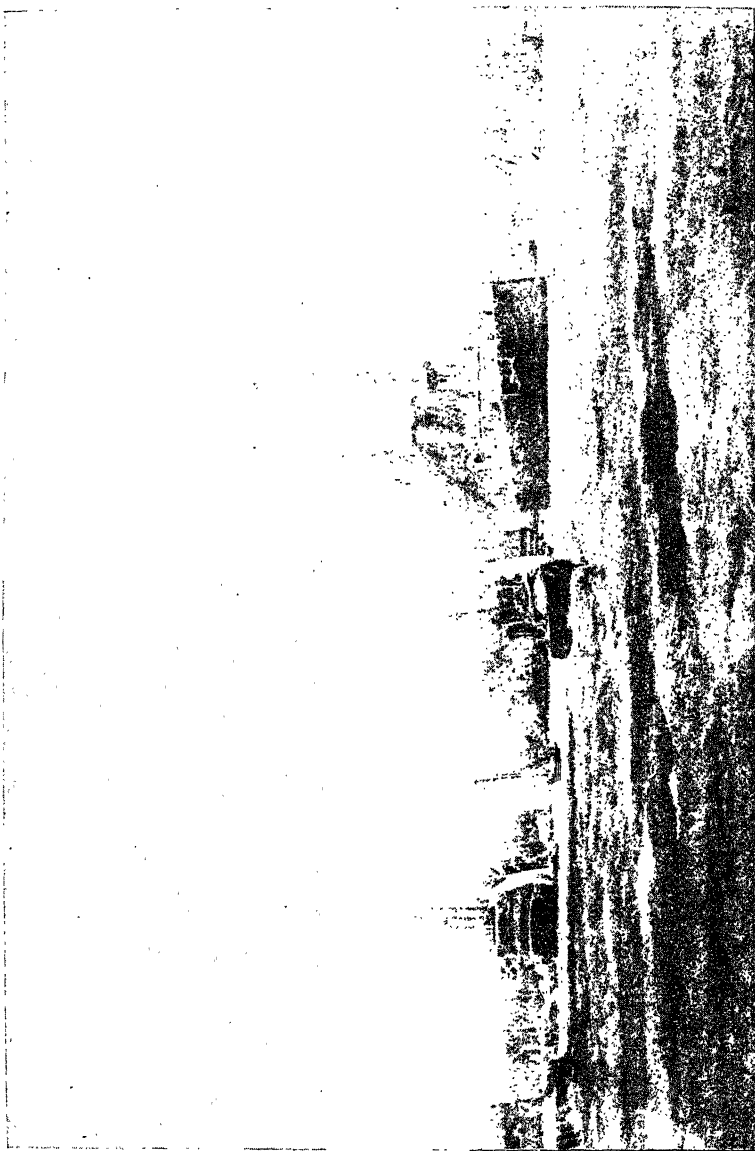
6. When a mere child, he strayed bird-nesting from his mother's house in company with a cow-boy. The dinner-hour elapsed:² he was absent, and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended³ that he might have been carried off by the gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear! grandmamma," replied the future hero. "I never saw fear; what is it?"

7. Once, after the winter holidays, when he and his brother William had set off on horseback to return to school, they came back, because there had been a fall of snow; and William, who did not much like the journey, said it was too deep for them to venture on. "If that be the case," said the father, "you certainly shall not go; but make another attempt, and I will leave it to your honour. If the road is dangerous, you may return; but

¹ In so high a degree.

² Passed by.

³ Thought.



THEN AND NOW.

On the left is a warship of Nelson's time ; in the centre a modern torpedo-boat Destroyer ;
and on the right, a modern Cruiser.

remember, boys, I leave it to your honour." The snow was deep enough to have afforded them a reasonable excuse ; but Horatio was not to be prevailed upon to turn back. "We must go on," said he ; "remember, brother, it was left to our honour !"

8. There were some fine pears growing in the schoolmaster's garden, which the boys regarded as lawful booty, and in the highest degree tempting ; but the boldest among them were afraid to venture for the prize. Horatio volunteered upon this service. He was lowered down at night from the bedroom window by some sheets ; plundered the tree ; was drawn up with the pears ; and then distributed them among his schoolfellows, without reserving¹ any for himself. "He only took them," he said, "because every other boy was afraid."

9. Early on a cold and dark spring morning, Mr. Nelson's servant arrived at this school at North Walsham with the expected summons for Horatio to join his ship. The parting from his brother William, who had been for so many years his playmate and bedfellow, was a painful effort, and was the beginning of those privations² which are the sailor's lot through life.

10. He accompanied his father to London. The *Raisonnable* was lying in the Medway. He was put

¹ Keeping.

² Losses of comfort, etc.

into the Chatham stage,¹ and on its arrival was set down with the rest of the passengers, and left to find his way on board as he could. After wandering about in the cold without being able to reach the ship, an officer observed the forlorn appearance of the boy, questioned him, and happening to be acquainted with his uncle, took him home, and gave him some refreshments. When he got on board, Captain Suckling was not in the ship, nor had any person been apprised² of the boy's coming. He paced the deck the whole remainder of the day, without being noticed by any one; and it was not till the second day that somebody, as he expressed it, "took compassion on him."

II. The pain which is felt when we are first transplanted from our native soil—when the living branch is cut from the parent tree—is one of the most poignant³ which we have to endure through life. There are after griefs which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced,⁴ which bruise the spirit, and sometimes break the heart; but never, never do we feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desertion, as when we first leave the haven of home, and are, as it were, pushed off upon the stream of life.

¹ Coach.² Informed.³ Sharp and bitter.⁴ Wiped out.

12. Added to these feelings, the sea-boy has to endure physical hardships, and the privation of every comfort, even of sleep. Nelson had a feeble body and an affectionate heart, and he remembered through life his first days of wretchedness in the service.

45. SONGS BY WORDSWORTH.

I. THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

- i. At the corner of Wood Street,¹ when daylight
appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for
three years ;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.
2. 'Tis a note of enchantment ;² what ails her? She
sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury³
glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheap-
side.

¹ Off Chccapside, in the city of London.

² Magic charm.

³ Street behind the Bank of England.

3. Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale
Down which she so often has tripped with her
pail,
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.
4. She looks, and her heart is in heaven. But they
fade—
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

II. I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD.

- I. I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils—
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
2. Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay ;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

3. The waves beside them danced, but they
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :—
 A poet could not but be gay,
 In such a jocund¹ company ;
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
 What wealth the show to me had brought :
4. For oft, when on my couch I lie
 In vacant or in pensive mood,²
 They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude,
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

46. THE MORNING OF QUATRE BRAS.³

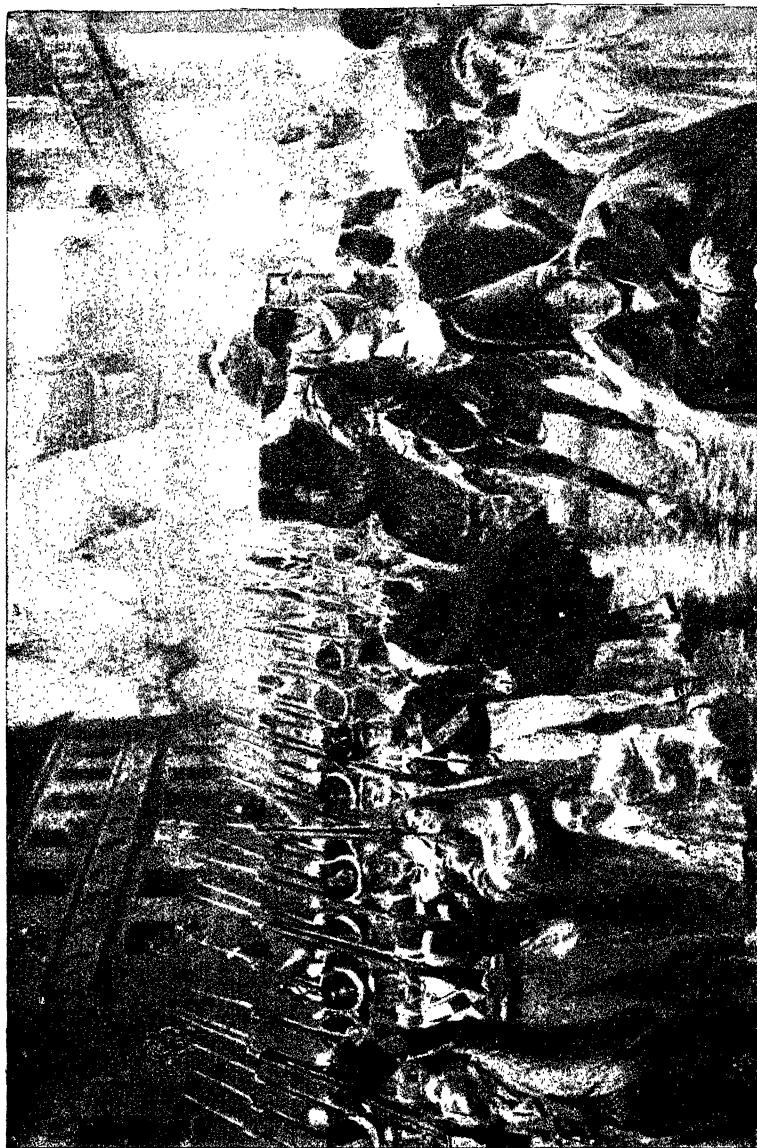
[The following extract is from "Vanity Fair," by William Makepeace Thackeray, who was mentioned in Book IV. Thackeray was born one year before Dickens, and died in the year 1863. There is little to tell you about his life, which is mainly the record of hard and continuous work. His "Vanity Fair" is one of the greatest novels in the language. "Never, surely," says a critic, "did a man create in a single novel characters so many, so varied, so greatly conceived, so immortal." People have called Thackeray a cynic,⁴ but this is a very mistaken notion. "His heart was as great as his intellect, and his humour was the child of love." Thackeray greatly admired Dickens, and on one occasion said, "I thank him for the sweet unsullied⁵ page that he gives to my children."]

¹ Jolly ; joyous. ² With the mind empty or full of thoughts.

³ See "Highroads of History," Book VI., Lesson 33.

⁴ One who has a contempt for human nature.

⁵ Free from spots or stains.



BRITISH TROOPS LEAVING BRUSSELS FOR WATERLOO, JUNE 16, 1815.
(From the painting by Norman Little. By kind permission of the Artist, owner of the copyright.)

1. The major and his lady, who had not been invited to the ball, had much more time to take their wholesome natural rest than was accorded¹ to people who wished to enjoy pleasure as well as to do duty. "It's my belief, Peggy, my dear," said he as he placidly² pulled his nightcap over his ears, "that there will be such a ball danced in a day or two as some of them never heard the tune of;" and he was much more happy to retire to rest than to figure at any sort of amusement.

2. "I'd like ye to wake me about half an hour before the assembly³ beats," the major said to his lady. "Call me at half-past one, Peggy dear. Maybe I'll not come back to breakfast." With these words, which signified his opinion that the regiment would march next morning, the major ceased talking, and fell asleep.

3. Mrs. O'Dowd, the good housewife, felt that her duty was to act, and not to sleep, at this juncture.⁴ "Time enough for that," she said, "when Mick's gone." So she packed his travelling valise⁵ ready for the march, brushed his cloak, cap, and other warlike habiliments;⁶ set them out in

¹ Granted.

² Calmly.

³ Signal warning soldiers to assemble.

⁴ Point of time.

⁵ Bag, usually of leather.

⁶ Garments or articles of dress (compare with riding *habit*).

order for him ; and stowed away in the cloak pockets a light package of portable¹ refreshments. As soon as the hands of the clock pointed to half-past one, Mrs. O'Dowd woke up her major, and had as comfortable a cup of coffee prepared for him as any made that morning in Brussels.

4. And who is there will deny that this worthy lady's preparations betokened affection as much as the fits of tears by which more sensitive females² exhibited their love ; and that their partaking of this coffee, which they drank together while the bugles were sounding the turn-out and the drums beating in the various quarters of the town, was more useful and to the purpose than the outpouring of any mere sentiment³ could be ?

5. The consequence was, that the major appeared on parade quite trim, fresh, and alert, his well-shaved rosy countenance, as he sat on horseback, giving cheerfulness and confidence to the whole corps. All the officers saluted the major's wife when the regiment marched by the balcony in which this brave woman stood and waved them a cheer as they passed ; and I dare say it was not from want of courage, but from a sense of propriety,⁴

¹ Easily carried.

² Women of more easily moved feelings.

³ Tenderness of feeling.

⁴ What was *proper* or becoming for her.

that she refrained from leading the gallant regiment personally into action.

6. On Sundays, and at periods of a solemn nature, Mrs. O'Dowd used to read with great gravity out of a large volume of her uncle the dean's sermons. After the regiment's departure, she betook herself to this volume for meditation.¹ Perhaps she did not understand much of what she was reading, and her thoughts were elsewhere, but the thought of going to sleep, as she had purposed, was quite a vain one. So it is in the world. Jack or Donald marches away to glory with his knapsack on his shoulder, stepping out briskly to the tune of "The girl I left behind me." It is she who remembers and suffers, and has the leisure to think, and brood, and remember.

* * * * *

7. [We are now to see the parting of another husband and wife.]

George's² servant was now packing, he himself coming in and out of his bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin³ got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken,

¹ Quiet thought. ² George Osborne was Amelia's husband.

³ Captain William Dobbin, friend of George Osborne.

that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards.

8. She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical,¹ this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from where it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as the packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning at the wall, holding this sash against her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood.

9. Our gentle-hearted captain² felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. There was no help; no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

10. At last George took her hand, and led her back into the bedroom, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone.

"Thank Heaven that is over," George thought, bounding down the stairs, his sword under his arm,

¹ Full of importance as regards the future.

² Dobbin.

as he ran swiftly to the alarm ground,¹ where the regiment was mustered; his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and he one of the players. . . .

The same eagerness and excitement were felt by all his comrades, from the stout senior major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the ensign,² who was to bear its colours on that day.

11. The sun was just rising as the march began. It was a gallant sight. The band led the column, playing the regimental march; then came the major in command, riding upon Pyramus,³ his stout charger; then marched the grenadiers,⁴ their captain at their head; in the centre were the colours, borne by the senior and junior ensigns; then George came marching at the head of his company. He looked up and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away.

¹ Place where the troops assembled in case of a sudden call.

² The junior officer who bore the colours (or ensign) of the regiment. There are no ensigns now in the British army. The colours have not been carried into the field since 1880.

³ Pyr'a-mus. In ancient legend a youth of Babylon who loved a maid named This'be; and, finding her garment covered with blood, thought she had been devoured by a lioness. He therefore slew himself, and Thisbe, finding his dead body, at once committed suicide.

⁴ At first a company of tall, strong foot-soldiers, who were trained to throw bombs or grenades into the ranks of the enemy; now one of the regiments of the Guards.

47. SONNETS BY WORDSWORTH

I. MILTON.

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen¹
Of stagnant² waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

(Written in London, September 1802.)

II. BRITISH FREEDOM.

It is not to be thought of, that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity

Morass ; bog.

² Standing, and therefore foul.

Hath flowed, "with pomp¹ of waters, unwith-
stood,"

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns² the check of salutary bands,³—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish ; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible⁴ knights of old :
We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals
hold
Which Milton held.—In every thing we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.⁵

III. BOOKS.

Wings have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure : wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies⁶ the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we
know,

¹ Great show or display.

² Tosses aside.

³ Those rules of government which prevent the people from
making rash and hasty laws.

⁴ Unconquerable.

⁵ Many deeds or documents which prove that we belong to the
best races on earth.

⁶ Makes holy.



PIP AND THE CONVICT.
(From the picture by *W. H. C. Groome.*)

Are a substantial¹ world, both pure and good :
 Round these, with tendrils² strong as flesh and
 blood,
 Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
 There find I personal themes,³ a plenteous
 store,
 Matter wherein right voluble⁴ I am,
 To which I listen with a ready ear ;
 Two shall be named, pre-eminently⁵ dear,—
 The gentle lady married to the Moor ;⁶
 And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.⁷

48. PIP AND THE CONVICT.

[This extract is the opening chapter of Dickens's novel, "Great Expectations," which some critics have declared to contain the best of his plots. I hope it will lead you, in after years, to read the whole book.]

1. My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit⁸

¹ Real ; solid.

² Slender shoots of a plant by which it obtains support.

³ Subjects on which to write.

⁴ Very full of speech.

⁵ Above all others.

⁶ The story is told in Shakespeare's tragedy, *Othello*.

⁷ The story is told in Spenser's *The Faery Queen*.

⁸ Plainly stated.

than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. . . .

2. Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid¹ and broad impression of the identity of things,² seems to me to have been gained on a memorable³ raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain, that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected⁴ with dykes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair⁵ from which the wind was rushing, was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry, was Pip.

3. "Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side

¹ Lifelike; striking. ² Knowledge of what things actually were.

³ Never-to-be-forgotten.

⁴ Cut across.

⁵ Hiding-place of a wild animal.

of the church porch. "Keep still, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped and shivered, and glared¹ and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

4. "Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray, don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint² out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat in-shore among the alder-trees³ and pollards,⁴ a mile or more from the church.

5. The man, after looking at me for a moment,

¹ Gazed fiercely.

² Point.

³ Trees belonging to the birch family, found growing in moist ground.

⁴ Trees having the whole crown cut off.

turned me upside down, and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself—for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet—when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.¹ . . .

6. “Now lookee here!” said the man. “Where’s your mother?”

“There, sir!” said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

“There, sir!” I timidly explained. “Also Georgiana. That’s my mother.”

“Oh!” said he, coming back. “And is that your father alonger your mother?”

“Yes, sir,” said I; “him too; late of this parish.”

“Ha!” he muttered; then, considering, “Who d’ye live with—supposin’ you’re kindly let to live, which I han’t made up my mind about?”

“My sister, sir—Mrs. Joe Gargery—wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.”

“Blacksmith, eh?” said he. And looked down at his leg.

¹ Like a hungry wild animal.

7. After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookie here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles¹ is?"

"Yes, sir."

8. After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

9. I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so

¹ Victuals; food.

that the church jumped over its own weather-cock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:—

10. “You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old battery¹ over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever,² and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler,³ no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. I ain’t alone, as you may think I am. . . . Now, what do you say?”

11. I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the battery, early in the morning.

He took me down.

“Now,” he pursued,⁴ “you remember what you’ve undertook, and you get home!”

“Goo-good-night, sir,” I faltered.⁵

“Much of that!” said he, glancing about him

¹ Fort on the marshes.

² Whatsoever.

³ Particular; small point.

⁴ Went on.

⁵ Spoke in trembling tones.

over the cold wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

12. At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms—clasping himself, as if to hold himself together—and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding¹ the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

13. When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there, for stepping-places when the rains were heavy or the tide was in.

14. The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row

¹ Getting out of the way of by means of a trick.

of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed.

15. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect¹ that seemed to be standing upright; one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered—like an unhooped cask upon a pole—an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet,² with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.

49. THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—I.

[The story of this beautiful poem by Lord Tennyson is taken from Malory's "Morte d'Arthur."]

PART I.

1. On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,

¹ Stretch of country that I could see.

² Gallows.

That clothe the wold¹ and meet the sky ;
And through the fields the road runs by
 To many-towered Camelot ;²
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

2. Willows whiten, aspens³ quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle embowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

3. By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses ; and unhailed
The shallop⁴ flitteth silken-sailed
 Skimming down to Camelot :

¹ Low hill country.

² The city of King Arthur and his knights, said by Geoffrey of Monmouth to be Caerleon, Monmouthshire, and by others to be Winchester, or Queen's Camel, Somersetshire, or Camelford, Cornwall. Its situation does not matter. It lies in the land of romance.

³ Trembling poplars.

⁴ Light boat.

But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement ¹ seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott ?

4. Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot :
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, “ ’Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott.”

PART II.

5. There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

¹ Window frame.



The Lady of Shalott.

(By J. W. Waterhouse, R.A. By permission of the Corporation of Leeds.)

6. And moving through a mirror clear,
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear :
There she sees the highway near,
 Winding down to Camelot ;
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village churls,¹
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.
7. Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,²
Sometimes a curly shepherd lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to towered Camelot ;³ .
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.
8. But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights,
 And music, went to Camelot :

¹ Rough countrymen.² Easy-paced horse.³ See the beautiful picture "The Road to Camelot," Book III. of this series.

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;—
“ I am half sick of shadows,” said
The Lady of Shalott.

50. THE LADY OF SHALOTT.—II.

PART III.

1. A bowshot from her bower-eaves,¹
He rode between the barley sheaves ;
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves²
Of bold Sir Lancelot.³
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field
Beside remote Shalott.
2. The gemmy bridle⁴ glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.⁵
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot :

¹ Edges of the roof projecting above her bower.

² Armour for the legs.

³ Arthur's bravest knight and best friend, father of Galahad.

⁴ Studded with gems.

⁵ The Milky Way.

And from his blazoned baldric¹ slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung
Beside remote Shalott.

3. All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot:
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor,² trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

4. His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed ;
On burnished hooves³ his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
“ Tirra lirra,” by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

¹ Shoulder sash displaying his coat of arms.

² Shooting star.

³ Usually written hoofs.

5. She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
 She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror cracked from side to side :
“The curse is come upon me,” cried
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

6. In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
 Over towered Camelot ;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
 The Lady of Shalott.
7. And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer¹ in a trance,²
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
 Did she look to Camelot.

¹ Prophet ; soothsayer. ² State of rapture, in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body into another state of things.

And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

8. Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot :
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott—

9. Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot ;
For ere she reached upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

10. Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,

A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher,¹ lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

II. Who is this, and what is here ?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer ;
And they crossed themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot :
But Lancelot mused a little space ;
He said, " She has a lovely face ;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

¹ Freeman or citizen of a borough.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell ;
That mind and soul, according¹ well,
May make one music as before.
I held it truth with him² who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.—TENNYSON.

¹ Agreeing.

² Longfellow.

51. MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE.

[This extract is taken from "Pickwick Papers," which, you will remember, was the work by which Charles Dickens first won popularity.]

1. Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavours cut out a slide, were now exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated¹ "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved² by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

2. "It looks a nice, warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable³ manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems⁴ on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

¹ Commonly known as.

² Carried out.

³ Unwearied.

⁴ Formed of many lines crossing and recrossing, like figures in a geometry book.



MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE.

“I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy,” replied Mr. Pickwick.

“Try it now,” said Wardle.

“Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick !” cried all the ladies.

“I should be very happy to afford you any amusement,” replied Mr. Pickwick, “but I haven’t done such a thing these thirty years.”

3. “Pooh ! pooh ! Nonsense !” said Wardle, dragging off his skates with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings.¹ “Here ; I’ll keep you company. Come along !” And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide, with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

4. Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat ; took two or three short runs, balked himself² as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified³ shouts of all the spectators.

5. “Keep the pot a-bilin’, sir !” said Sam ; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr.

¹ Eager rushing manner in which he did everything.

² Pulled himself up short.

³ Pleased.

Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

6. It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony—to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard¹ of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles.

7. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round) it was the most invigorating² sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and

¹ Near-at-hand risk.

² Refreshing.

resume his station in the rank with an ardour and enthusiasm¹ that nothing could abate.

8. The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush towards the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

9. Dismay and anguish were depicted² on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

10. It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation³ with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the

¹ Intense eagerness. ² As it were painted. ³ Meeting for taking counsel.

advisability¹ of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice²—it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

11. “Keep yourself up for an instant—for only one instant!” bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

“Yes, do; let me implore you—for my sake!” roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration³ was rather unnecessary—the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else’s sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

“Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?” said Wardle.

“Yes, certainly,” replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. “I fell upon my back. I couldn’t get on my feet at first.”

12. The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick’s coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy’s suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere

¹ Wisdom; prudence.

² Mr. Benjamin Allen and Mr. Bob Sawyer were medical students.

³ Solemn charge or piece of advice.

more than five feet deep, prodigies¹ of valour were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated² from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

13. "Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as you can, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller—presenting the singular phenomenon³ of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground, without any clearly-defined purpose,⁴ at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

14. But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr.

¹ Miracles.

² Drawn out.

³ Extraordinary appearance.

⁴ Very clear reason.

Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations¹ of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction² that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colours to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed.

52. MORTE D'ARTHUR.³

1. So all day long the noise of battle rolled
 Among the mountains by the winter sea,
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fallen in Lyonesse⁴ about their lord,
 King Arthur; then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him—
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights—
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

¹ Rapid throbbings.

² Strong belief that nothing could alter.

³ Death of Arthur; title of Sir Thomas Malory's book, first printed by Caxton in 1485.

⁴ Either Cornwall or a country stretching westward and now covered by the sea.

2. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
- “The sequel of¹ to-day unsolders² all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
 They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
 Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made—
 Though Merlin³ sware that I should come again
 To rule once more ; but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten through the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
3. “Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,⁴
 Which was my pride ; for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite,⁵ mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword ; and how I rowed across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king :

¹ That which follows. The continuation of a story is called a sequel.

² Breaks up or dissolves. (Solder is a soft metal used to unite other metals.)

³ The wizard who rescued Arthur from the wave, and guided and guarded him during life.

⁴ Arthur's magic sword.

⁵ Old, rich stuff made of silk woven or embroidered with gold.

And wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known.
 But now delay not; take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere;¹
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me
 word."

* * * * *

4. Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere and ran,
 And leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the
 sword,
 And strongly wheeled and threw it. The
 great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirled in
 an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,²
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur;
 But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandished
 him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.

¹ The middle of the lake. ² Northern lights; aurora borealis.

5. Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker
breath :

“Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard or seen ?”

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

“Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose ; for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not though I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling
him ;
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.”

6. And answer made King Arthur, breathing
hard :

“My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die.”

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere

Remorsefully¹ regarded through his tears, .
 And would have spoken, but he found not words,
 Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
 O'er both his shoulders drew the languid² hands,
 And rising bore him through the place of tombs.

7. Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
 Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
 Beneath them; and descending they were ware³
 That all the decks were dense with stately forms
 Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by
 these
 Three queens with crowns of gold—and from
 them rose
 A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
 And, as it were one voice, an agony
 Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
 All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
 Or hath come since the making of the world.

8. Then murmured Arthur, "Place me in the
 barge."
 And to the barge they came. There those
 three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and
 wept.

¹ Full of the pain of pity² Feeble.³ Aware.



The Passing of Arthur.
(From the painting by Norman Little.)

But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his
 hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood: for all his face was
 white
And colourless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing
 east;
And all his greaves and cuisses¹ dashed with
 drops
Of onset;² and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne³ — were parched
 with dust,
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed
 his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King,
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

¹ Armour for the legs.² Blood shed in a combat.³ Chair of royal state placed on a raised platform.

9. . Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
“Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders¹ with the gift of myrrh.²
But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world,
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.”

10. And slowly answered Arthur from the
barge :
“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have
done
May He within Himself make pure! But thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,

¹ Wise men from the East who followed the star to Bethlehem.

² Precious, bitter, sweet-smelling, transparent gum obtained from the bark of an Arabian shrub.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought
by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let
thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them
friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

11. "But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
To the island valley of Avilion,¹
Where falls not hail or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-
lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer
sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

¹ The "Apple Island," also called in the old romances "The Island of the Blest;" now Glastonbury (Somersetshire).

12. . So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted
 swan
 That, fluting¹ a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the
 flood
 With swarthy webs.² Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories,³ till the hull
 Looked one black dot against the verge⁴ of
 dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.
-

53. SIR GALAHAD.

[In Book II. you read the story of this knight, the bravest, the purest, and the most holy of all who sat at the Round Table. The following beautiful verses are put into his mouth by Alfred, Lord Tennyson, who obtained his material from the "Morte d'Arthur."]

1. My good blade carves the casques⁵ of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.

¹ Singing in flute-like tones. The mute swan was said to sing only once during its life, and that was at the moment of death.

² Black webbed feet.

³ Turning over in his mind the things which he remembered concerning Arthur and his knights.

⁴ Edge.

⁵ Helmets.

The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists ;¹
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

2. How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favours fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall ; ²
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bowed in crypt ³ and shrine ;
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine.
3. When down the stormy crescent ⁴ goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns.
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;

¹ Enclosed space in which tournaments were held.

² Bondage ; slavery.

³ Underground cell or chapel, used usually for burial.

⁴ Old or new moon.

The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
 The tapers burning fair.
 Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
 The silver vessels sparkle clean,
 The shrill bell rings, the censer ¹ swings,
 And solemn chaunts ² resound between.

4. Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
 I find a magic bark ;
 I leap on board : no helmsman steers ;
 I float till all is dark.
 A gentle sound, an awful light !
 Three angels bear the Holy Grail ; ³
 With folded feet, in stoles ⁴ of white,
 On sleeping wings they sail.
 Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
 My spirit beats her mortal bars,
 As down dark tides the glory glides,
 And starlike mingles with the stars.

5. When on my goodly charger borne
 Through dreaming towns I go,
 The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
 The streets are dumb with snow.

¹ Vessel in which incense is burned.

² Chants.

³ The Holy Grail was the cup from which our Lord drank at the Last Supper with His disciples. It could not be seen except by a perfectly pure and holy knight.

⁴ Long robes.

The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields,
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

6. A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours ¹ haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour ² that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

7. The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.

¹ Scents.

² The body.

Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
“ O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.”
So pass I hostel,¹ hall, and grange ; ²
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

¹ Inn.² Farm.

EXERCISES.

(*To be worked under the direction of the teacher.*)

LESSON I.

1. Write down the names of six books "of all time." Give some account of one of them.
2. Describe the picture which forms the frontispiece to this book.
3. Write out and learn the following verse by Southey :—

"My days among the dead are passed :
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old ;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

4. Make sentences containing the following words : generation, appreciate, converse, sensible, humoured, discussions, pathetic, usurp, assuredly, circumstances, occasional, essentially, communication, permanence, conveyance, melodiously, manifest, seize, vapour, inspiration, inscription, scripture, sincerity, pelican, precious, embalmed, peruse.

Note.—*Look up in your dictionary all the words which you do not know.*

5. Last year you learned certain Latin prefixes. Here are three others : *a*, *ab*, or *abs*, which means *from* or *away* ; *ante*, which means *before* ; and *contra*, which has such various forms as *co-*, *col-*, *com-*, and *cor-*, and means *together*. Learn these prefixes.

LESSON 2.

1. Describe the picture on page 14.
2. Make a list of "persons of the drama" introduced in Lesson 2, and write a line or two of description about each of them.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: comedies, essayists, whimsical, domestic, periodical, lucid, affected, virtue, released, mischievous, grudge, inherited, laborious, vexatious, threatened, recollection, retirement, dedicate, ambition, effected, leagues, provisions, privately, apparel, cherub, profited.
4. Last year you learned certain Latin verbs. Here are three others: *verto*, I turn; *juro*, I swear; *solvo*, I loosen. They usually take the forms in English of *vert*, *jure*, and *solve*. With the Latin prefixes you already know (such as *a*, *ab*, *re*, *con*, *dis*, *contra*, etc.), make English words from these Latin words and explain their meaning.

LESSON 3.

1. Describe the picture on page 23.
2. Rewrite paragraph 10 so that it consists not of one long sentence but of several sentences.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: description, concludes, delicate, grumbling, recount, melancholy, posture, nymphs, knell, appearance, interrupted, constancy, surety, advocate, impostor, excel.
4. The Latin prefix *ex* (*e-*, *ec-*, *ef-*), means out of, out; *extra*, beyond; *inter*, between or amongst; and *intro*, within. Learn these prefixes.

LESSON 4.

1. Describe the picture of Prospero on page 11.
2. Put into your own words the speech of Ferdinand on page 31.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: invisible, unperceived, allaying, ditty, mortal, divine, prompts, vouchsafe, pronounce, traitor, manacle, entertainment, tutor, conscience, chide, affections, goodlier, vigour, subdued, unwonted, syllable, exit, exeunt.

4. The Latin word *cedo* means *I go*. It is usually found in English in the form *ceed* or *cède*. *Facio* means *I do*, perform, or accomplish, and is usually found in English in the form *fect*. By means of prefixes, make English words from the above and other Latin verbs which you already know.

LESSON 5.

1. How did Ariel treat Prospero's brother and the King of Naples?

2. What do you know of Gonzalo?

3. Put into sentences the following words: cell, severe, secretly, fatigue, hindrance, enjoined, disobedience, professed, exceeded, features, imagination, precepts, courtly, phrases, innocence, approve, amends, delicious, banquet, voracious, harpy, penitence, compassion, dainty.

4. Make *adjectives* from secretly, disobedience, imagination, penitence, comparison; and verbs from hindrance, disobedience, imagination.

5. Learn the following Latin prefixes:—

PREFIX.	MEANING.	PREFIX.	MEANING.
Per or pel.	Through, or thoroughly.	Sub (suc-, suf-,)	Under. Above. Beyond.
Post.	After.	sug-, sup-, sus-), }	
Retro.	Backwards.	Super.	
Se.	Aside, from.	Ultra.	

LESSON 6.

1. Relate in your own words the happy ending of *The Tempest*.

2. Compare the story of *The Tempest* with that of *As You Like It*.

3. Put the following words into sentences: stupefied, repentance, implored, remorse, depose, creatures, immortal, Providence, assured, reconciliation, uncouth, uncontrolled, prosperous, assistance, nuptials, celebrated, splendour, convoy, chequered, leisurely.

4. Write out and give the meaning of the Latin prefixes in the words given above.

5. Write out and learn the following lines spoken by Prospero, towards the end of the play, after his spirits have performed a pageant for the entertainment of his guests :—

“These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

LESSON 7.

1. Write out in your own words Ferdinand's speech on page 41.
2. Describe the picture on page 30.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : odious, quickens, injunction, executor, lightning, lightening, sinews, infected, visitation, behest, admiration, harmony, diligent, defect, foil, peerless, features, modesty, imagination, precepts, profess, invert.
4. Which of the above words have Latin prefixes? Give their meaning.

LESSON 8.

1. Describe the picture on page 50.
2. Make a list of the sea-terms in this lesson, and be clear about their meaning.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : scholar, reputation, victuallers, pinnaces, intelligence, unserviceable, diseased,

shrouded, squadron, alleging, mariners, becalmed, tier, ordnance, diligence, voluntary, deliberated, multitudes, musketeers, repulsed, intermission, galleons, surgeon, assailed, composition.

4. Learn the following Latin verbs :—

VERB.	USUAL FORM IN ENGLISH.	MEANING.
Ago.	Act.	I drive.
Battuo.	Bat, bate.	I beat, strike.
Canto.	Chant, cant, cent.	I sing.
Cresco.	Crete, crease, crescent.	I grow.
Curro.	Cur, course.	I run.
Fero.	Fer.	I bear.

LESSON 9.

1. Describe the portrait on page 57.
2. Make a small sketch map showing the position of the Azores.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: garrison, sustained, volleys, razed, evened, foundation, resistance, resolute, persuaded, induce, condescended, besought, valiant, acceptable, overtures, notable, disposition, marvellous, unsavoury, esteemed, swooned, reviving, humanity, spectacle, bewailed, reputation, posterity.
4. By means of Latin prefixes, make English words from the Latin verbs given in the preceding exercise.

LESSON 10.

1. Mark the feet and accents in verse 1 of this extract. What do you notice about the last line?
2. Write out and learn the passage descriptive of the trees in "the shady grove."
3. Make sentences containing the following words: curb, disdaining, jousts, encounters, remembrance, badge, sovereign, puissance, palfrey, virtuous, lineage, sceptres, subjection, expelled, hideous, consort, constrain, covert, alleys, harmony, funeral, conquerors.

4. Learn the following Latin verbs :—

VERB.	USUAL FORM IN ENGLISH.	MEANING.
Pendo.	Pend.	I hang.
Rapio.	Rapt, rap-	I seize.
Scribo.	Scribe, script.	I write.
Sequor.	Secute.	I follow.
Traho.	Tract, treat.	I draw.
Venio.	Vent.	I come.

LESSON 11.

1. Describe the picture on page 64.
2. What characters of the drama are introduced in Lesson 11? Describe each character in a few lines.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: basis, developed, creatures, usurer, amassed, exacted, particularly, enmity, covetous, reproach, meditated, conditioned, courtesies, patrimony, exhausted, heiress, speechless, suitor, befitting, favours, merchandise, credit, gratis, musing, sufferance, spurn, forfeit, forfeiture, insisted, suspicious, exaction, estimable, profitable, adieu.
4. By means of Latin prefixes, make English words from the Latin verbs given in the preceding exercise.
5. Write out and learn the following lines spoken to Antonio :—

“ Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;
 There, where your argosies with portly sail,
 Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
 That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
 As they fly by them with their woven wings.”

LESSON 12.

1. Describe the picture on page 67.
2. Explain how Portia prepared herself to act as Antonio's advocate.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: intentions, hazard, penalty, inferior, ancestry, accomplished, unpractised, mansion, gratitude, accepted, reverence, dispatch, legal, insisted, suspense, instrumental, superior, guidance, judgment, counsellor, proceed, equipment, senators, plead, stead, disguised.

4. Learn the following Greek prefixes: *amphi*, or *ambi*, both, two; *ana*, up and down, back again, through; *ant* or *anti*, against, opposite; *apo*, away, from; *cata* or *cat*, under, down; *dia*, through or asunder.

LESSON 13.

1. Describe the picture on page 70.

2. Tell in your own words the story of the Prince of Morocco's choice.

3. Draw a little sketch map of Europe to illustrate the journeys made by Portia's suitors to Belmont, near Venice.

4. Make sentences containing the following words: frivolous, lottery, survey, threatens, hue, estimation, disabling, obscure, immured, carrion, inscrolled, tedious, riddance, complexion.

5. Make English words containing the Greek prefixes given in the preceding lesson.

LESSON 14.

1. Explain in your own words Portia's "expedient" which led to Antonio's "unexpected deliverance."

2. Portia "saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise." Ask teacher to let you discuss the question whether this was probable or improbable.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: agony, arduous, attribute, proportion, tempered, wrest, established, favour, resignation, commend, honourable, affliction, entreat, currish, expectation, tarry, expressly, confiscated, sagacity, expedient, plaudits, deliverance, scruple, condemned.

4. Describe the picture on page 80.

LESSON 15.

1. Ask teacher to let you discuss the question : "Was justice done to Shylock?"
2. Describe the character of Portia.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : conspired, generous, disinherited, despoiled, cruelty, released, ingenuity, leisure, indebted, acquitted, grievous, espied, wily, confusion, proclamation, affronted, generosity, consciousness, congratulations, perceived, quarrelling, signify, prating, reproached, earnestness, civil, ingratitude, unspeakable, tragical, ensued, comical, rhyming.
4. An *affix* or suffix is a particle placed after a root to modify its meaning. The affixes *-ary*, *-ice*, *-ment*, *-mony*, *-ory*, added to the proper roots, make nouns denoting the *thing which* ; for example, *anniversary*, the thing which returns yearly. Give other examples.

LESSON 16.

1. Write out and learn Portia's beautiful speech on Mercy.
2. Write out in your own words the final speech of Antonio in this lesson.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : commend, courteous, acquainted, impugn, compulsion, monarch, temporal, sceptred, sway, justice, salvation, mitigate, suffice, malice, authority, curb, decree, recorded, precedent, reverend, perjury, tenour, exposition, nominated, expressed, penance, process.
4. The affixes *-ry*, *-ary*, *-ery*, *-ory*, added to the proper roots, make *nouns* denoting the *place where* ; for example, *colliery*, the place where coals are dug. Give other examples.

LESSON 17.

1. Contrast the style of Bunyan with that of Lamb. Which do you prefer, and why?
2. Describe the picture on page 105.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : allegory, illustrate, despair, pilgrims, trespassed, dungeon, acquaintance, diffidence,

to wit, counselled, cudgel, condole, lamentations, perceiving, moderate, doleful, rogues, lamentable, passionate, jurisdiction, celestial.

4. The affixes *-acy*, *-ate*, *-dom*, *-ric*, *-ship*, added to the proper roots, make *nouns* denoting *rank*, *office*, *dominion*, *jurisdiction*; as, *curacy*, the office of a curate. Give other examples.

5. Learn the following Greek prefixes: *epi*, upon; *hyper*, above, over, beyond; *hypo*, under; *meta*, beyond, after, change; *para*, side by side, near to, like, or unlike; *peri*, round about; *syn* (*sy-*, *syl-*, *sym-*), together, with.

LESSON 18.

1. Describe the picture on page 108.

2. Recall the circumstances under which Milton wrote *L'Allegro*. Ask teacher to read to you the corresponding poem, *Il Penseroso*.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: fantastic, dappled; hoar, echoing, liveries, dight, furrowed, scythe, pied, cynosure, jocund, chequered, junkets, drudging, goblin, glimpse, fiend, matin.

4. Make English words containing the Greek prefixes given in the preceding lesson.

5. Compare the verse in which this poem is written with that of Spenser in "The Faerie Queene."

6. What poets are referred to in Dryden's verse (page 112)?

LESSON 19.

1. Write a side-note for each of the paragraphs in this lesson. Thus, for paragraph 1 you might write, "Christian meets Timorous and Mistrust running away from the City of Zion."

2. Make sentences containing the following words: Timorous, venture, distress, relieve, perplexed, harbour, sufficiently, sighed, erected, bewailing, indulge, benighted, Providence, assurance, acceptance, furlong.

3. The affixes *-an*, *-ant*, *-ar*, *-ard*, *-ary*, *-ate*, *-ee*, *-eer*, *-ent*, *-er*, *-ic*, *-ist*, *-ite*, *-ive*, *-or*, *-ster*, when added to the proper roots, make nouns denoting the *person who acts* or *who is*. For example, *European* means one *who is* a native of Europe. Give one example for each suffix.

LESSON 20.

1. Divide verse 1 into feet, and mark the accents.
2. What do you gather about Dryden's character from verses 16 to 19?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: diligence, luxury, smouldering, devouring, exalted, pursued, hostile, impelled, wanton, quay, succeed, unopposed, cumbered, imperial, palace, designed, harbingers, intervals, merited.
4. A small one of the same kind is called a *diminutive*. Nouns with the following affixes: *-cle, -cule, -ule, -el, -le, -kin, -let, -et, -ling, -ock, -y, or -ie*, show diminutives; for example, *icicle*, a little piece of ice. Give other examples.

LESSON 21.

1. Describe the picture on page 126.
2. Notice that paragraph 9 consists of one long sentence. Write it out split up into several sentences.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: inevitably, execution, breach, committed, destruction, shoal, rationally, expectation, separating, presence, endeavoured, contend, pilot, immediate, relief, relieved, resolved, contemplation, deliverance, gestures, motions, reflecting.
4. The affixes *-age, -ion, -ment, -ure* form nouns denoting *the act of*, or *the thing done*; for example, *marriage*, the act of marrying. Give other examples.

LESSON 22.

1. Describe the picture on page 130.
2. How, according to Dryden, was music first produced?
3. Make sentences of the following words: passion, quell, chorded, clangour, excites, retreat, complaining, dirge, warbling, violins, jealous, desperation, indignation, disdainful, choirs, sequacious, lyre, vocal, spheres, pageant.
4. The affixes *-acy, -age, -ance, -ancy, -dom, -ence, -ency, -hood, -ism*,

-ment, -mony, -ness, -ry, -ship, -th, -tude, -ty or -ity, -ure, and -y make *nouns* denoting *state, condition, or quality of being*; as, *accuracy*, the state of being accurate. Give other examples.

LESSON 23.

1. Describe the picture on page 140.
2. Explain in your own words how Crusoe made pottery to stand fire.
3. What mistake did Crusoe make when he constructed his boat? How did he propose to get the boat into the water? Why did he abandon his project?
4. Make sentences containing the following words: occasions, diverted, assistant, awkward, design, liquid, kiln, plied, experiment, determining, launching, warrant, preposterous, prevailed, diameter, lessened, infinite, inexpressible, proportion, chisel, devices, inconvenience, declivity, prodigious, calculate, reluctance.
5. The affixes *-al, -an, -ar, -ary, -ic, -ical, -id, -ile, -ine, -ory, -ch, -ese, -ish*, added to the proper roots, form *adjectives* denoting *of, like, or pertaining to*, as *autumnal*, pertaining to autumn. Give other examples.

LESSON 24.

1. Describe the picture on page 149.
2. Make a little map to illustrate the rescue of Friday.
3. How was it that Crusoe was enabled to live a civilized life on his island?
4. Make sentences containing the following words: perspective, barbarous, perceived, miserable, incredible, habitation, mentioned, cargoes, necessarily, irresistibly, companion, expedition, beckoned, loath, necessitated, encouragement, acknowledgment, excepted, executioner, triumph, raisins, draught, creature.
5. The affixes *-ate, -ful, -ose, -ous, -some, and -y*, added to the proper roots, form *adjectives* which denote *full of, or abundance*; as, *accurate*, full of accuracy. Give other examples.

LESSON 25.

1. What is a fable? Tell the story of this fable in your own words.
2. What lesson do you learn from the fable?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: hospitable, frugal, occasion, dean, guest, courtier, rustic, invitation, napkins, whiskers, swain, rout, contrive, peasant, pleasant, dessert.
4. Words which have the opposite, or nearly the opposite, meaning are called *antonyms*; for example, good—bad. Give antonyms for frugal, lean, neat, savage, thick, white, rare, pleasant.

LESSON 26.

1. Learn this passage by heart, and write it out in your own words.
2. Can you mention any facts which show that Pope gives a true picture of the heaven imagined by the "poor Indian"?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: Indian, untutored, science, solar, embraced, waste, waist, fiends, torment, lust, seraphs, admitted.
4. A word which has much the same meaning as another word is called its *synonym*; thus, *toil* and *labour* are synonyms. Give a list of any synonymous words which you can think of.

LESSON 27.

1. Describe the picture on page 158.
2. Write a short account of the adventures of a Queen Victoria shilling.
3. How old would the shilling be if it was coined in the first year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and its adventures ended in 1703?
4. Make sentences containing the following words: methought, reared, ingot, naturalized, inclination, disposition, miserable, confinement, release, separated, apothecary, nonconformist, satisfaction, ordinary, superstitious, pursuance, inveigle, demonstrations, disinherited, usurpation, cavalier, monstrous, antiquity, gamester, counter,

current, primitive, denomination, catastrophe, artist, retrenched, pillaged, groat, acquaintance, calamity, irretrievable, lustre, extraordinary, burlesque, omit.

5. Adjectives denoting *likeness* are formed by adding *-ish*, *-like*, *-ly*; as, *boyish*, like a boy. Give other examples.

LESSON 28.

1. Write out this poem in your own words.
2. Mark the feet and the accents in verse 2.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: firmament, certifieth, spacious, firmament, ethereal, original, creator, planets, confirm, terrestrial, radiant, orbs, Divine.
4. Adjectives denoting *able to do* or *doing* are formed by adding *-ive*; as *active*, able to act. Give other examples.

LESSON 29.

1. Assuming that Gulliver was six feet high and an average Lilliputian six inches high, calculate (a) the length of an ordinary Lilliputian's arm; (b) the height of an ordinary Lilliputian house; (c) the distance an ordinary Lilliputian could walk in an hour; (d) what time he would need to walk from the place where Gulliver was lying to the capital.

2. Describe the picture on page 162.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: attempted, ligatures, offended, posture, conjectured, admiration, uneasiness, wrench, excessive, accent, groaning, jerkin, erected, inhabitants, oration, orator, threatenings, submissive, witness, famished, morsel, distinguish, decency, subsequently, liberated.

4. Adjectives denoting *able to be* are formed by adding *-able*, *-ible*, *-ile*; as, *eatable*, able to be eaten. These endings also mean *worthy of*, *full of*, or *easily*. Give examples.

5. What do you suppose to be the meaning of the following Lilliputian phrases: *Hekinah degul*; *Tolgo phonac*; *Langro dehul san*?

LESSON 30.

1. Describe the picture on page 168.
2. Draw a map showing the empire of Blefuscu in its relation to Lilliput. How much is a *glumgluff* in our measure? How many *glumgluffs* wide was the channel between the north-east of Lilliput and Blefuscu?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: invasion, intercourse, embargo, communicated, project, scouts, consulted, experienced, plumbed, transports, warrant, extremities, excessive, apprehension, infallibly, expedient, spectacles, discompose, confounded, conceive, ointment, issue, discern, hostile, eased, puissant, encomiums, immeasurable, province, viceroy, exiles, arguments, topics, council, ministry.
4. Adjectives having the force of *being* or "*-ing*" are formed by adding *-ant* or *-ent*; as, *pleasant*, *antecedent*. Give other examples. Adjectives denoting *made of* are formed by adding *-en*; as, *wooden*, made of wood. Give other examples.

LESSON 31.

1. Describe the picture on page 178.
2. Write out and learn "The Hopes of a Wanderer."
3. Make sentences containing the following words: impromptu, singular, labouring, endeared, cultivated, decent, remitting, circled, contending, gambol, frolicked, sleights, feats, tyrants, desolation, domain, sedges, bittern, solitary, mouldering, spoiler, vexations.
4. Adjectives denoting *diminution* are formed by adding *-ish*; as, *greenish*, a little green. Give other examples.

LESSON 32.

1. Describe the picture on page 185.
2. Describe in your own words the Village Schoolmaster.
3. Make sentences containing the following words: copse, mansion, unpractised, fawn, doctrines, varying, vagrant, relieved, shouldered, vices, merits, unaffected, venerable, zeal, rustic, endearing,

wile, expressed, unprofitably, truant, boding, counterfeited, dismal, cipher, presage, gauge, arguing, vanquished.

• 4. Adjectives denoting *privation* are formed by adding *-less*; as, *artless*, without art. Give other examples.

LESSON 33.

1. Gulliver tells us that an ordinary inhabitant of Brobdingnag was "as tall as an ordinary spire steeple." Find out the height of an ordinary church spire and compare it with the height of Gulliver (six feet).

2. Make a little sketch showing Gulliver's boat sailing along the trough.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: ultimately, pigmy, occasions, divert, melancholy, exercise, convenient, surgeon, mariner, wherry, contrive, ingenious, cistern, diversion, agility, officiously, infallibly, concealed, odious, deformed, conveniency.

4. The affixes *-ate*, *-en*, *-fy*, *-ish*, *-ise*, or *-ize*, added to the proper roots, make verbs which denote *to make*, *to give*, *to put*, or *to take*; as, *captivate*, to make captive. Give other examples.

LESSON 34.

1. Describe the picture on page 190.

2. What was Swift's object in writing "Gulliver's Travels." (See Book IV., Lesson 40.)

3. Make sentences containing the following words: meditating, frolicsome, curiosity, conceal, prudent, species, interrupted, distracted, rabble, ridiculous, encompassed, ridge, eaves, bruised, odious, rally, presumed, monstrous.

4. Adverbs denoting *manner* are formed by adding *-ly*, *-ways* or *-wise*; as, *brave^{ly}*, in a brave manner. Give other examples.

LESSON 35.

1. Describe the picture on page 196.

2. What do you learn of the Vicar's character from this lesson?

3. Make sentences containing the following words : accepted, eke, discreet, commission, toilet, warrant, pedlar, bargain, gross, varnished, murrain, trumpery, undeceived, idiot, deception, reverend, cautioned.

4. Adverbs denoting *direction of* are formed by adding *-ward* ; as, *eastward*, in the direction of east. Give other examples.

LESSON 36.

1. How much did the picture cost to paint? How much money did the painter make per day?

2. What is your opinion of the picture as designed by the family?

3. Make sentences containing the following words : limner, rivalry, deliberation, superiority, attitudes, composition, unanimous, resolution, infinitely, genteel, independent, historical, frugal, stomacher, controversy, amazon, insisted, wrought, assiduity, expedition, encomiums, material, inconceivable, remiss, gratifying, vanity, mortifying, resembled, sere.

4. You already know that the comparison of one person or thing with another person or thing is called a *simile*. *He stood like a rock* is a simile. You will notice that similes usually contain the word *like* or *as*. Write out four similes.

LESSON 37.

1. Describe the picture on page 204.

2. Write out in your own words the passage entitled Winter. Learn the last eight lines on page 207.

3. Make sentences containing the following words : overwhelmed, asylum, perturbed, practically, urn, column, inebriate, inverted, congealed, indebted, compensating, social, instructive, dispersed, intimate, retirement, uninterrupted, abolished, sinews, estimation, ferried, emancipate, circulate.

4. You already know that when we leave out *like* or *as* in a simile, and say that one person or thing is actually another person or thing, we use a *metaphor*. Thus "Judah is a lion's whelp" is a metaphor ; so also is, "A Daniel come to judgment." We also use metaphors when we talk of "storming a town," "the dying day," "the angry sea," and so on. Write out four metaphors.

LESSON 38.

1. Write (after the manner of Cowper) an account of the adventures of a canary which has escaped from its cage.

2. Describe the portrait of Cowper on page 208.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: occurrence, notable, endeavouring, gnawed, redoubtable, pursue, desirous, disputed, encountered, resolve, sizeable, primæval, centuries, refinement, disproportion, rogue, descried, affectionate, transport, accost, complacence, inclination, characteristic, apparition.

4. Notice this sentence: *Sweet the summer sunshine shone*. You notice that the same initial letter begins words which follow each other closely. This is known as *alliteration*. Write three alliterative sentences.

LESSON 39.

1. Mark the feet and accents in the first verse of *The Banks o' Doon*.

2. Write out all the Scottish words in these poems and put the corresponding English words opposite to them.

3. Ask teacher to let you learn to sing "The Banks o' Doon."

4. Make sentences containing the following words: braes, warbling, wantons, bonnie, lightsome.

5. When a writer *exaggerates* or makes a statement which is beyond the truth in order to heighten the effect, he is said to use *hyperbole*. For example, "They were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions" is hyperbole. Write four examples of hyperbole.

LESSON 40.

1. Describe the picture on page 218.

2. Write out "The Family Gathering" (page 219) in your own words.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: retreating, mattocks, expectant, inglenook, beguile, errand, deposit, unfeigned, partial, anticipation, admonition, temptation, implore, counsel, patriarchal,

reverently, judicious, progeny, avenging, plaint, seraphic, lyre, exulting, triumphant, homage, proffer, clamorous, patriotic, undaunted, tyrannic, peculiarly, succession, ornament.

4. Words which, though spelt alike, have two or more entirely different meanings are called *Homonyms*. For example, the word *host* means (1) one who entertains guests, (2) an army, (3) consecrated bread. Write down as many homonyms as you can.

LESSON 41.

1. Paraphrasing means rewriting a passage so as to produce the same thoughts, though in a different form. Paraphrase paragraph 5.

2. Describe the picture on page 226.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: familiar, incident, ushers, pensioners, sovereign, physiognomy, intimacy, cavalier, ardent, adventurous, excited, resentment, courtesy, reverence, economy, excess, vent, mysterious, augury, wherries, expedition.

4. Find suitable similes for the following: peace, war, death, life, heat, cold, dawn, twilight.

LESSON 42.

1. What do you gather about the character of Queen Elizabeth from this and the former lesson?

2. Describe the picture on page 232.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: apparently, agility, embarrassment, topic, liege, bounties, raiment, conversation, ensued, recollection, penitence, devotion, gratify.

4. Make sentences including the following metaphors: a cruel frost; a soul of steel; a heart of oak; sweep the ocean; hatch a plot; kill time.

LESSON 43.

1. What do you know of the "Borders"?

2. Describe the picture on page 236.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: hoar, sear, foray, dauntless, laggard, dastard, bridal.

4. Write out a summary of the poem, "Lochinvar."

5. Write out and learn the following passage from Scott :—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentred all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

LESSON 44.

1. What do you gather about Nelson’s character from this lesson ?
2. Describe the picture on page 244.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : straitened, prospect, actuated, resolution, manifest, profession, ague, eminently, distinguished, elapsed, apprehended, gipsies, composedly, volunteered, summons, privations, forlorn, apprised, compassion, poignant, effaced, desertion, affectionate.
4. Paraphrase paragraph 11.

LESSON 45.

1. Write out this song in your own prose.
2. Mark the feet and accents in verse 4 (page 259).
3. Make sentences containing the following words : reverie, enchantment, vision, vapour, daffodils, jocund, pensive, solitude.
4. Sometimes a writer personifies a lifeless thing as though it were a human being ; as, “O Tiber, father Tiber, to whom the Romans

pray," or, "O Death, where is thy sting?" He is using the figure of speech known as *personification*. Try to find examples in this book.

5. Write out and learn the following passage from Wordsworth:—

"Two voices are there ; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains ; each a mighty voice ;
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !"

LESSON 46.

1. Contrast the leave-taking of Mrs. O'Dowd with that of Amelia
2. Write out and learn the following lines by Lord Byron :—

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay.
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array !
The thunder clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe—in one red burial blent !"

3. Make sentences containing the following words : continuous, conceived, immortal, cynic, unsullied, accorded, placidly, assembly, signified, regiment, juncture, valise, habiliments, portable, sensitive, sentiment, countenance, balcony, propriety, gravity, volume, meditation, leisure, campaign, critical, mutely, excitement, ensign, column.

LESSON 47.

1. Write out in your own words Wordsworth's sonnet on Books.
2. What is a sonnet? Write out and learn the sonnet on Milton.
3. Make sentences containing the following words : stagnant, altar, heroic, dower, majestic, antiquity, salutary, invincible, manifold, sanctifies, substantial, tendrils, themes, plenteous, voluble, pre-eminently.
4. Correct these sentences :—Many of the seats were occupied by

the scholars that have no backs. He blew out his brains after bidding his wife good-bye with a gun. Mrs. Jones was killed on Tuesday while cooking her husband's breakfast in a shocking manner. A reward is offered for the discovery of any person injuring this property by order of the chief constable.

LESSON 48.

1. Describe in your own words the country round Pip's home. In what part of England do you think it was?
2. Describe the picture on page 258.
3. Write a letter to a friend giving a brief summary of this lesson.
4. Make sentences containing the following words: Expectations, critics, explicit, vivid, impression, identity, memorable, intersected, dykes, lair, glared, ravenously, timidly, tremendous, pursued, faltered, eluding, cautiously, horizontal, prospect, gibbet, pirate.
5. Write out and learn the following "golden rule" of Charles Dickens: "Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I could throw my whole self, I find now to have been my golden rule."

LESSON 49.

1. Describe the picture on page 269.
2. What "shadows of the world" does the Lady of Shallot see in her mirror? Is "shadows" the right word to use? What would be a more correct word?
3. Make sentences containing the following words: wold, embowers, casement, churls, abbot, loyal, funeral.
4. Suppose you were a painter and had to select subjects for pictures from Parts I. and II. of this poem, what subjects should you select?

LESSON 50.

1. What do you know of Sir Lancelot? What happened when the Lady of Shalott looked down at him?
2. What similes can you discover in verses 2 and 3.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: eaves, greaves, galaxy, baldric, meteor, crystal, mirror, waning, expanse, carol, balcony, burgher.

4. Mark the feet and accents in verse 1.

LESSON 51.

1. Describe Mr. Pickwick as pictured on page 277.

2. Compare this extract with that from "Great Expectations."

3. Make sentences containing the following words: brilliant, currently, denominated, achieved, envying, indefatigable, converted, complicated, problems, impetuosity, characterized, rapidity, gratified, ceremony, torture, imminent, hazard, accomplished, predecessor, average, invigorating, ardour, enthusiasm, depicted, frenzied, catastrophe, consultation, advisability, professional, adjuration, probability, testimony, accuracy, prodigies, extricated, phenomenon, defined, palpitations, unalterable, conviction, calamity.

4. Write out and learn the following verse by Tennyson:—

"It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose;
The land, where girt with friends or foes
A man may speak the thing he will;
A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent."

LESSON 52.

1. Describe the picture on page 288.

2. This poem is written in blank verse (that is, without rhymes) of five feet. Mark the feet and accents in the first twelve lines.

3. Make sentences containing the following words: chancel, sequel, mystic, mere, splendour, whirled, miracle, margin, wistfully, remorsefully, languid, lamentation, casque, chafed, lustrous, dais, tournament, myrrh, dissolved, corrupt, grievous, fluting, verge.

4. Paraphrase verse 8.

LESSON 53.

1. What do you know of the youth of Galahad? See Book II., Lessons 33 and 34.
2. Make sentences containing the following words: casques, perfume, favours, thrall, crypt, vapour, raiment, bounteous, crescent, void, censer, yearn, muse, odours, harmony, hostel.
3. Mark the feet and accents in verse 1, and compare with the blank verse of the preceding lesson.
4. Write out and learn the following passage, which has been ascribed to many writers, but to no one with certainty: "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES.

1. Who cried, "A Daniel come to judgment"?
2. Who "sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind"?
3. Who learned "to trace the day's disasters in his morning face"?
4. What did the poet see when he "wandered lonely as a cloud"?
5. Who sang "Tirra, tirra," by the river?
6. What is "beauty's canker"?
7. Who "wept the flames of what he loved so well"?
8. What was compared to Robinson Crusoe's long boat?
9. What was the device on Sir Lancelot's shield?
10. What key had Christian in his bosom?
11. What struck the "chorded shell"?
12. Who desired the painter not to be too frugal of his diamonds?
13. For what was a man invited "to give and hazard all he hath"?
14. What do "sharp violins proclaim"?
15. Who "wales a portion with judicious care"?
16. Who was "half sick of shadows"?
17. Where did "smiling spring its earliest visit pay"?
18. What is the drink that "cheers" but does not "inebriate"?

THE END.

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